

SMILIN' ED'S

Buster Brown

COMICS

Book
No. 21

AHOY, MATES —
WE'RE SAILING OFF
ON THE GOOD SHIP
SMILIN' ED
MCCONNELL !!



Kids — Listen in every Saturday morning
W S M 10:30 A. M.

FLORENCE SHOE CO.

FLORENCE, ALA.





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



Come a'running kids, yessiree . . .
for the finest shoes you ever did see!
We've got the best school shoes in town,
and you can bet they're Buster Brown!
Look for our name on the cover right away
and ask mom to bring you in today!

Your Buster Brown Shoeman



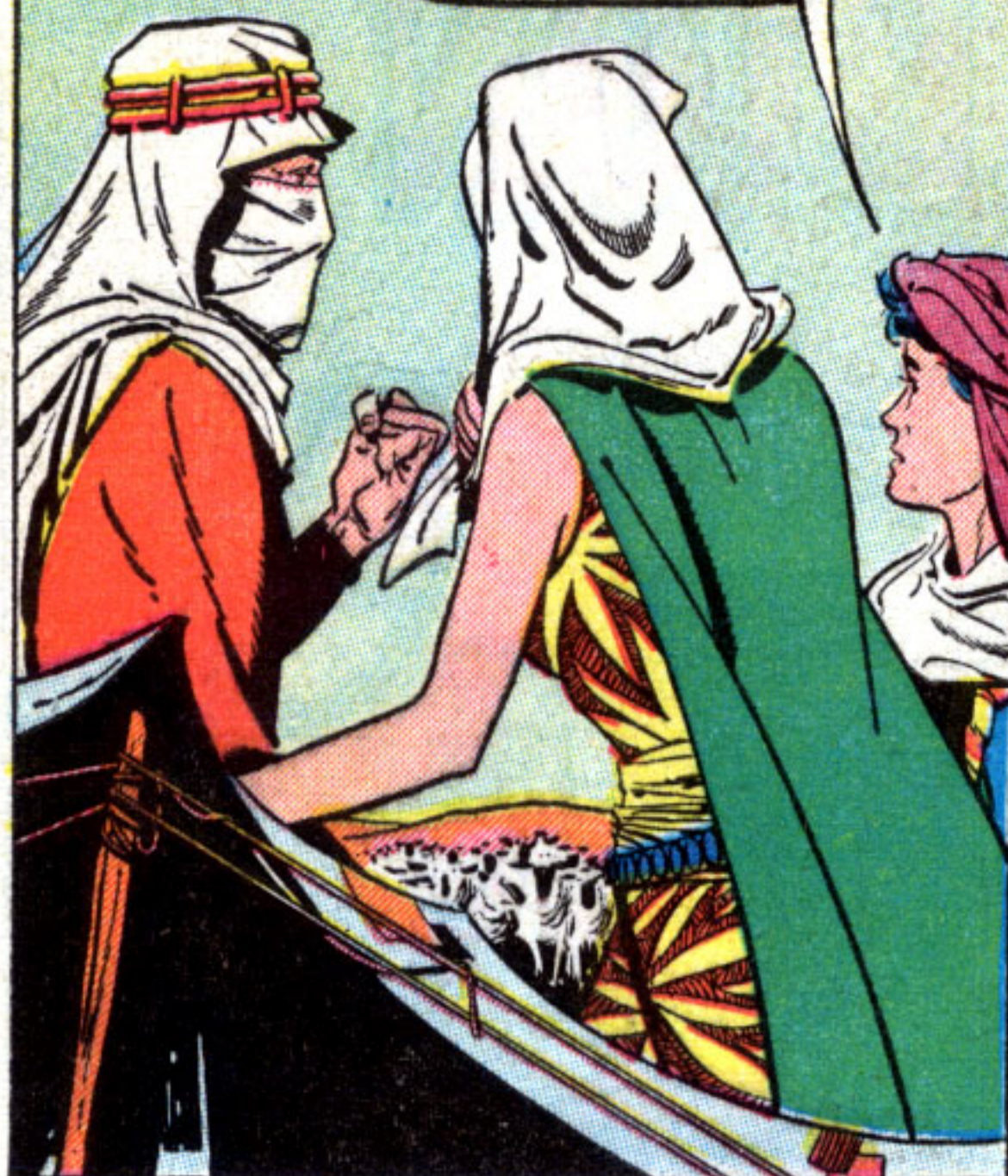
The BLACK-MANED LION



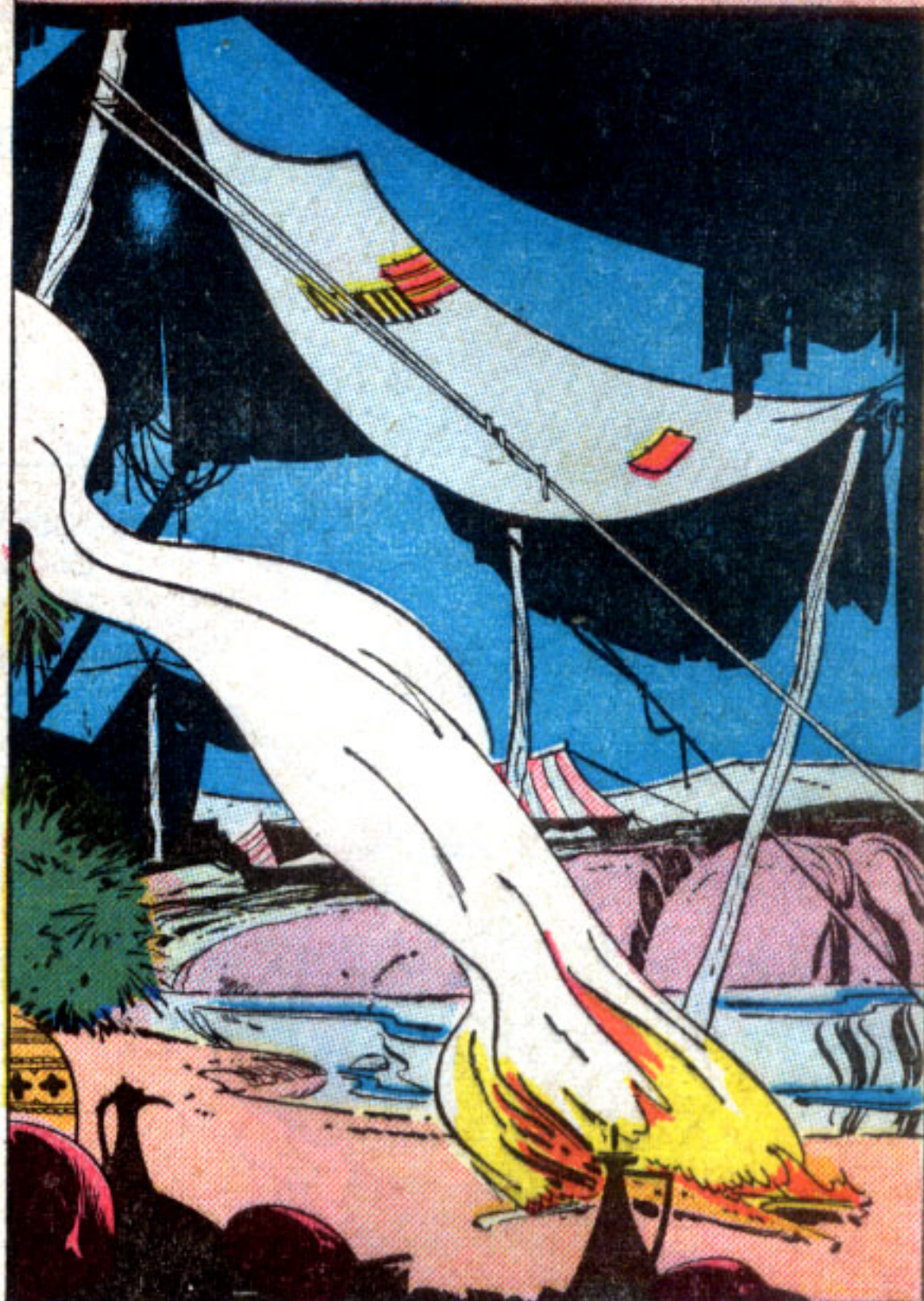
OUR SCENE IS THE CAMP OF THE TUAREG, AN ARABIAN DESERT TRIBE... YOUNG BABA, SON OF THE TRIBAL CHIEF, ALI BEN FOUSSA, IS WITH HIS MOTHER AND FATHER LOOKING OVER THEIR SHEEP. AND NOW THE CHIEF, ALI BEN FOUSSA, SPEAKS.....

I HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM THE PALACE OF THE SULTAN OF SULEEM. OUR OLD ENEMIES, HASSIM AND BAALID, THE RENEGADES, HAVE ESCAPED FROM PRISON.

AND THEY SWORE VENGEANCE UPON YOU, FATHER, BUT I THINK WE ARE A MATCH FOR ANY OF THEIR EVIL TRICKS!



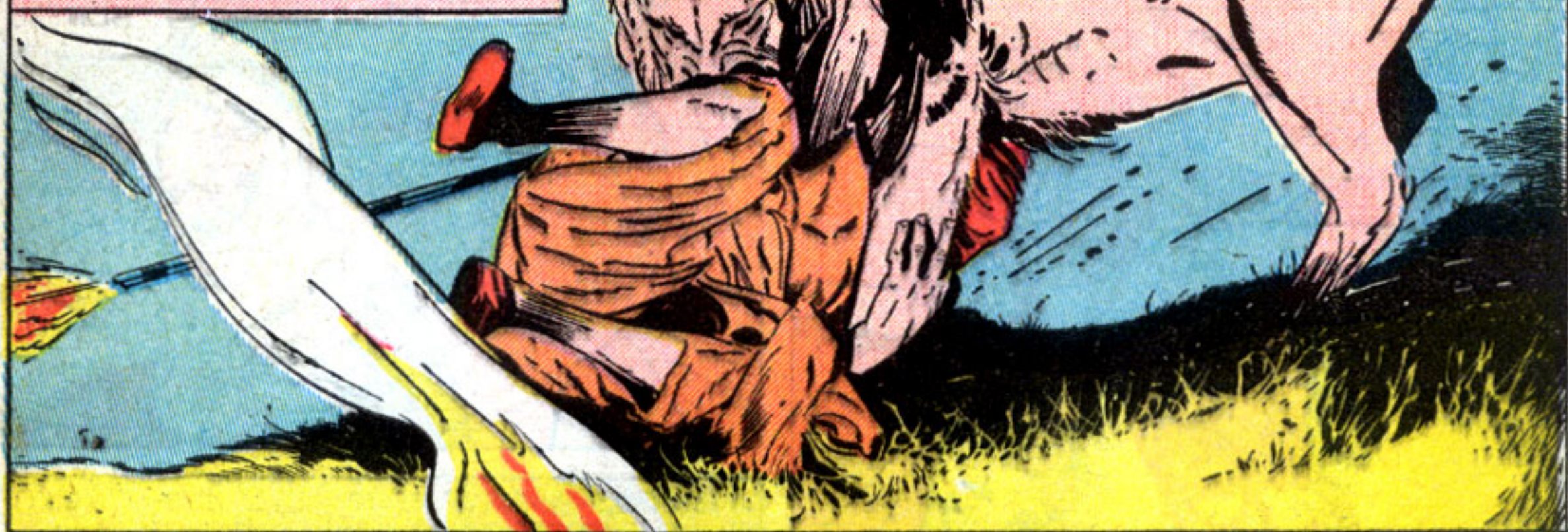
NOW IT IS EVENING, AND THE QUIET OF THE DESERT SETTLES OVER THE TUAREG CAMP. BABA'S FAMILY SLEEPS SOUNDLY AS THE COOL NIGHT AIR STIRS GENTLY AMONG THE TENTS.



SUDDENLY... IN THE BLACKNESS OF THE NIGHT THERE IS A MOVEMENT... AND THEN, POISED ON A LEDGE IN THE SHIFTING MOONLIGHT IS THE MAJESTIC FIGURE OF THE GREAT CAT OF THE DESERT! IT IS THE **BLACK-MANED LION!** AND THE UNSUSPECTING NIGHT SHEPHERD HAS NO IDEA OF THE LIGHTNING-FAST KILLER THAT THREATENS HIS SHEEP.



WITH THE SPRING OF A STEEL TRAP, THE BIG DESERT CAT LEAPS--AND HITS HIS TARGET! THE NIGHT SHEPHERD IS SENT SPRAWLING, BUT THE MAN MEANS NOTHING TO THE GREAT LION THAT WANTS TENDER SHEEP!

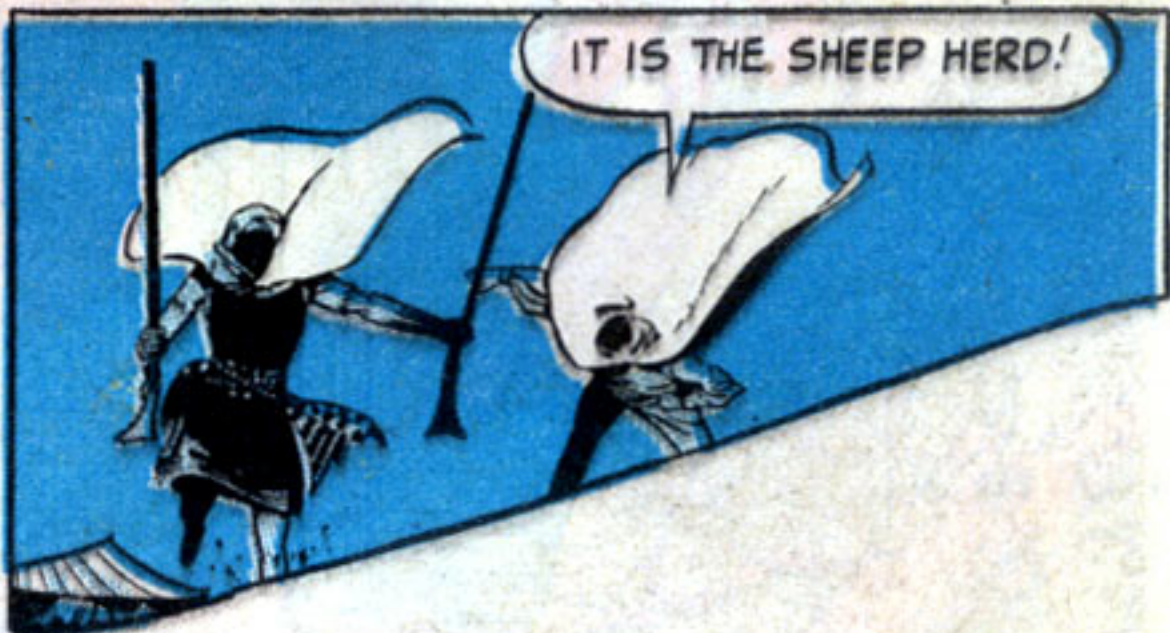


FATHER!
FATHER!
THAT WAS
A SHOT!

QUICK!—
OUR GUNS!

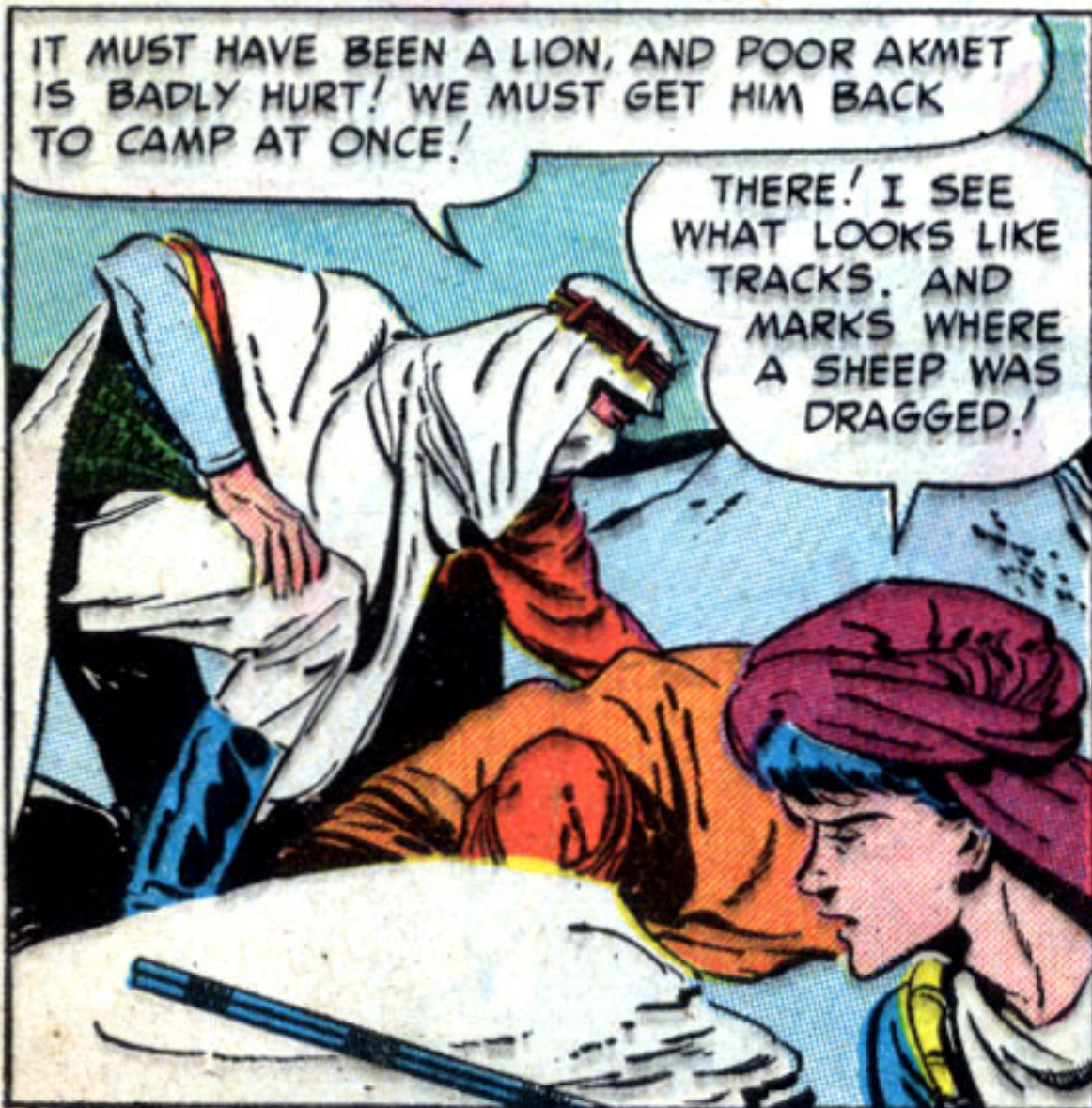


IT IS THE SHEEP HERD!



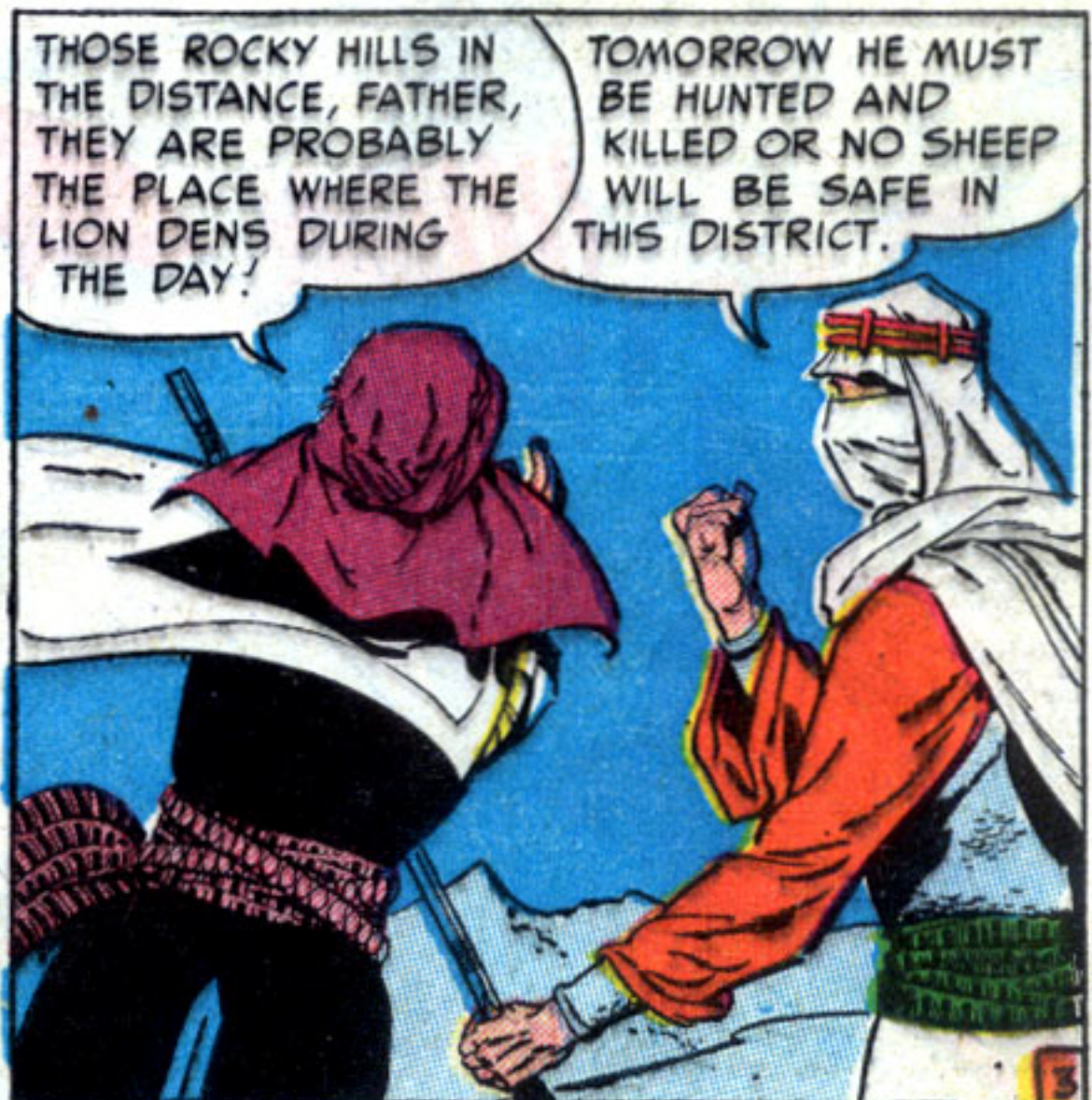
IT MUST HAVE BEEN A LION, AND POOR AKMET IS BADLY HURT! WE MUST GET HIM BACK TO CAMP AT ONCE!

THERE! I SEE
WHAT LOOKS LIKE
TRACKS. AND
MARKS WHERE
A SHEEP WAS
DRAGGED!



THOSE ROCKY HILLS IN THE DISTANCE, FATHER, THEY ARE PROBABLY THE PLACE WHERE THE LION DENS DURING THE DAY!

TOMORROW HE MUST BE HUNTED AND KILLED OR NO SHEEP WILL BE SAFE IN THIS DISTRICT.



AND IN THE DISTANT ROCKY HILLS, WE COME UPON THE TWO DESERT VILLAINS WHO ARE THE DEADLY ENEMIES OF BABA'S CHIEFTAIN FATHER. THEY ARE THE RENEGADES, HASSIM AND BAALID — AND NOW THEY MAKE A GRIM DISCOVERY WHEN THEY FIND ONE OF THEIR HORSES HAS BEEN SLAIN BY A LION...

THE BEAST WAS SILENT AND POWERFUL, FOR THERE WAS NOT THE SLIGHTEST NOISE!

NO KILLER WORKS WITH THE SPEED OF THE DESERT LION!



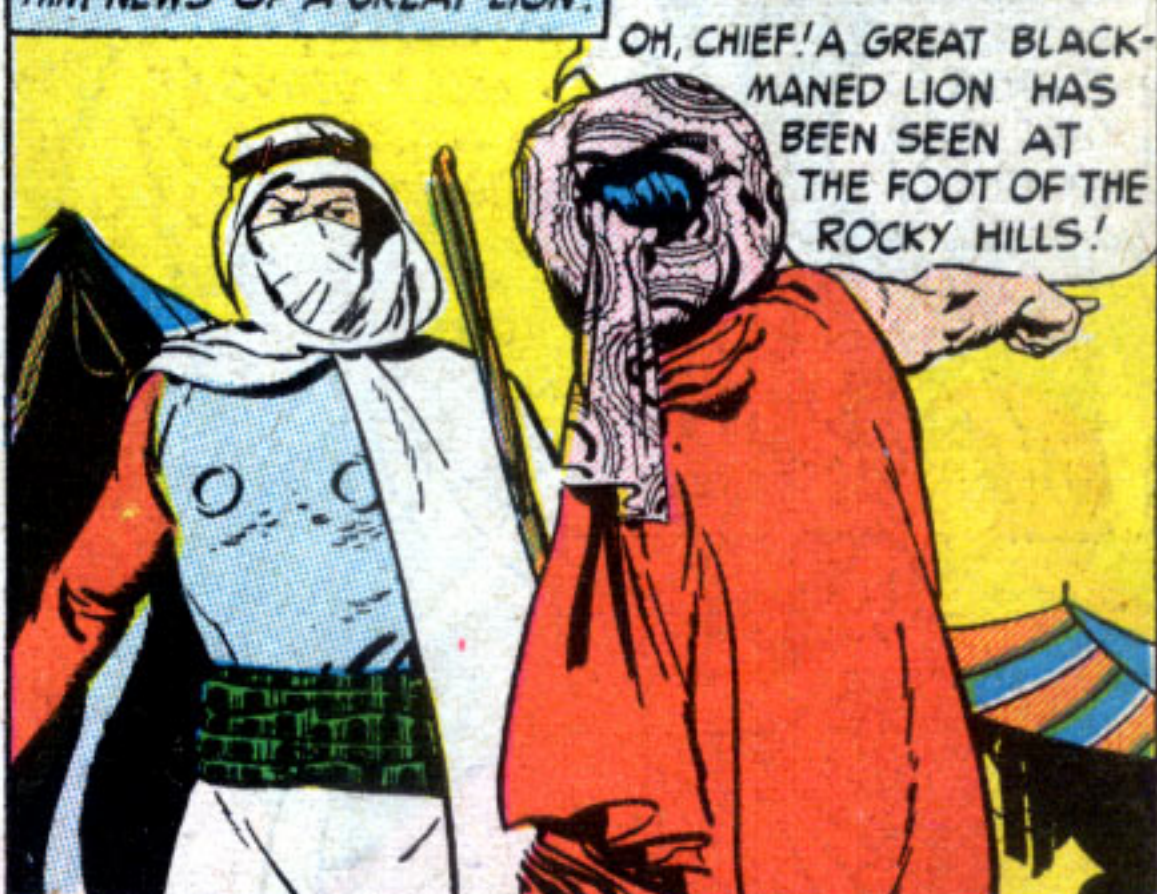
A LION THAT WILL ENTER A CAMP TO KILL IS WITHOUT FEAR. PERHAPS WE SHOULD LEAVE THESE HILLS AND SAVE OUR HORSES!

NO! NEVER! WE SHALL STAY IN THESE HILLS UNTIL WE SETTLE ACCOUNTS WITH OUR HATEFUL ENEMIES, ALI BEN FOUSSA AND HIS SON!

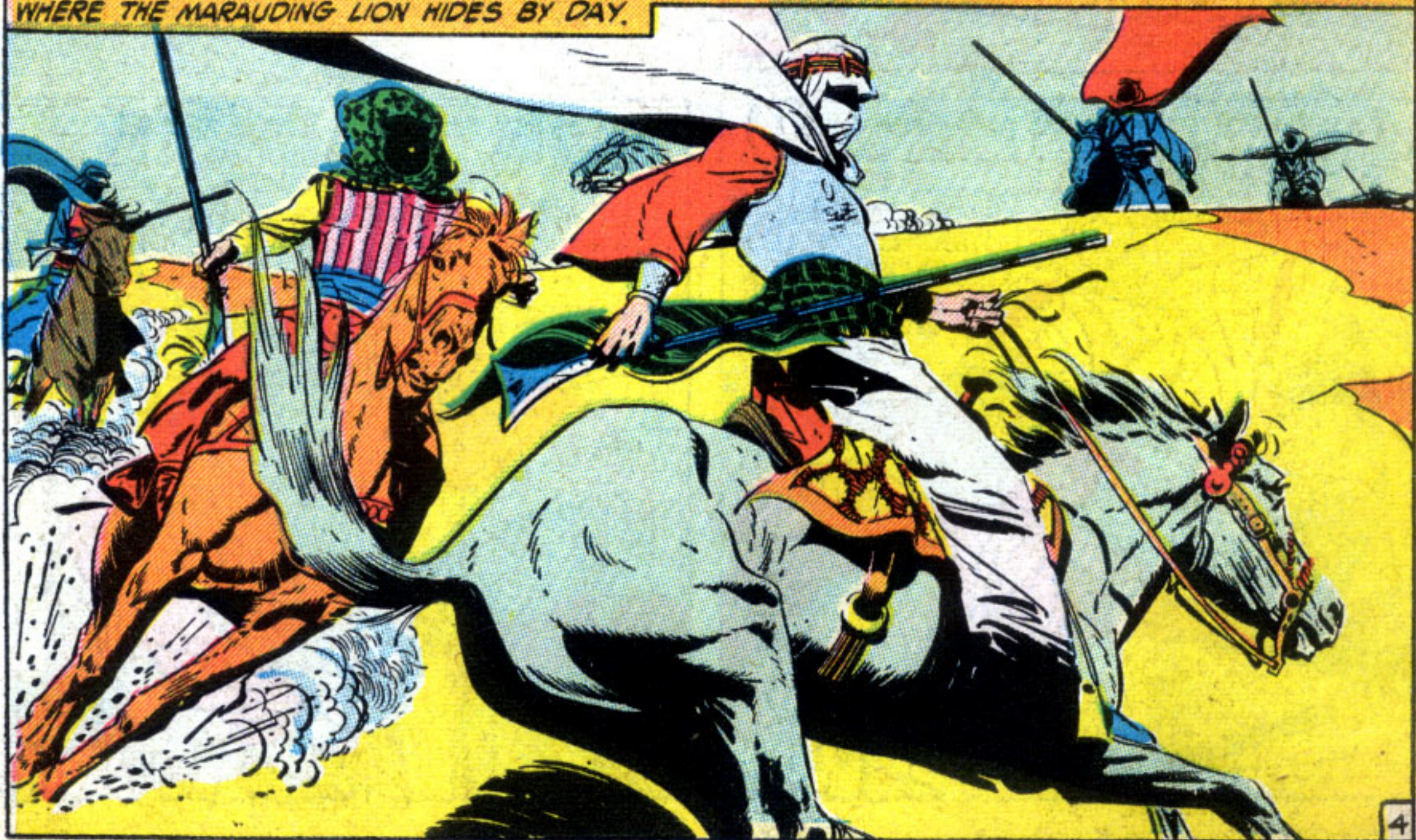


A FEW DAYS PASS AND WE ARE AGAIN WITH ALI BEN FOUSSA, AS ONE OF HIS TUAREG TRIBESMEN BRINGS HIM NEWS OF A GREAT LION.

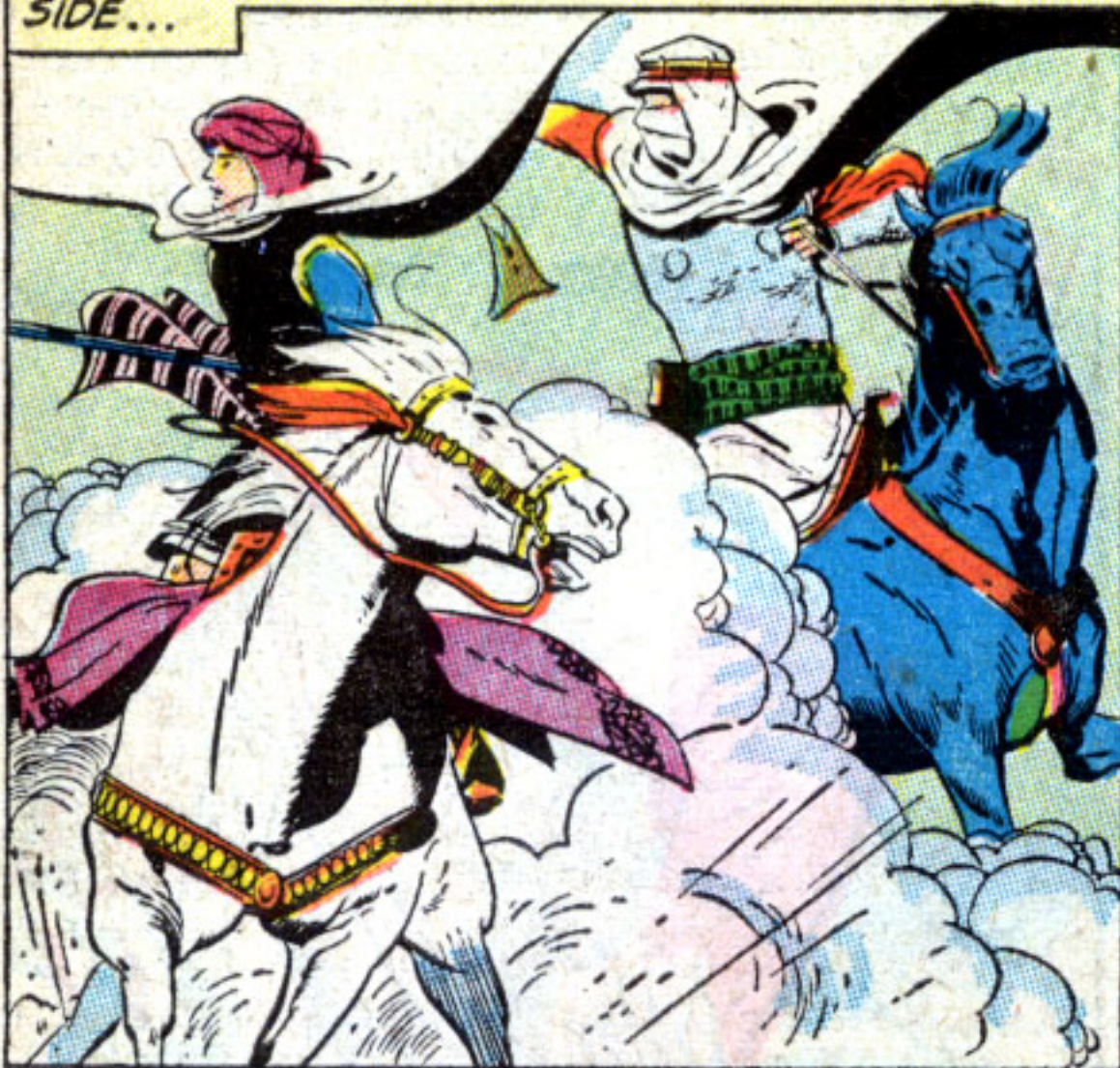
OH, CHIEF! A GREAT BLACK-MANED LION HAS BEEN SEEN AT THE FOOT OF THE ROCKY HILLS!



AND RIDING AT THE HEAD OF HIS DARING HORSEMEN, ALI BEN FOUSSA SOON REACHES THE FOOTHILLS WHERE THE MARAUDING LION HIDES BY DAY.



THE BOY BABA THUNDERS ALONG AT HIS FATHER'S SIDE...

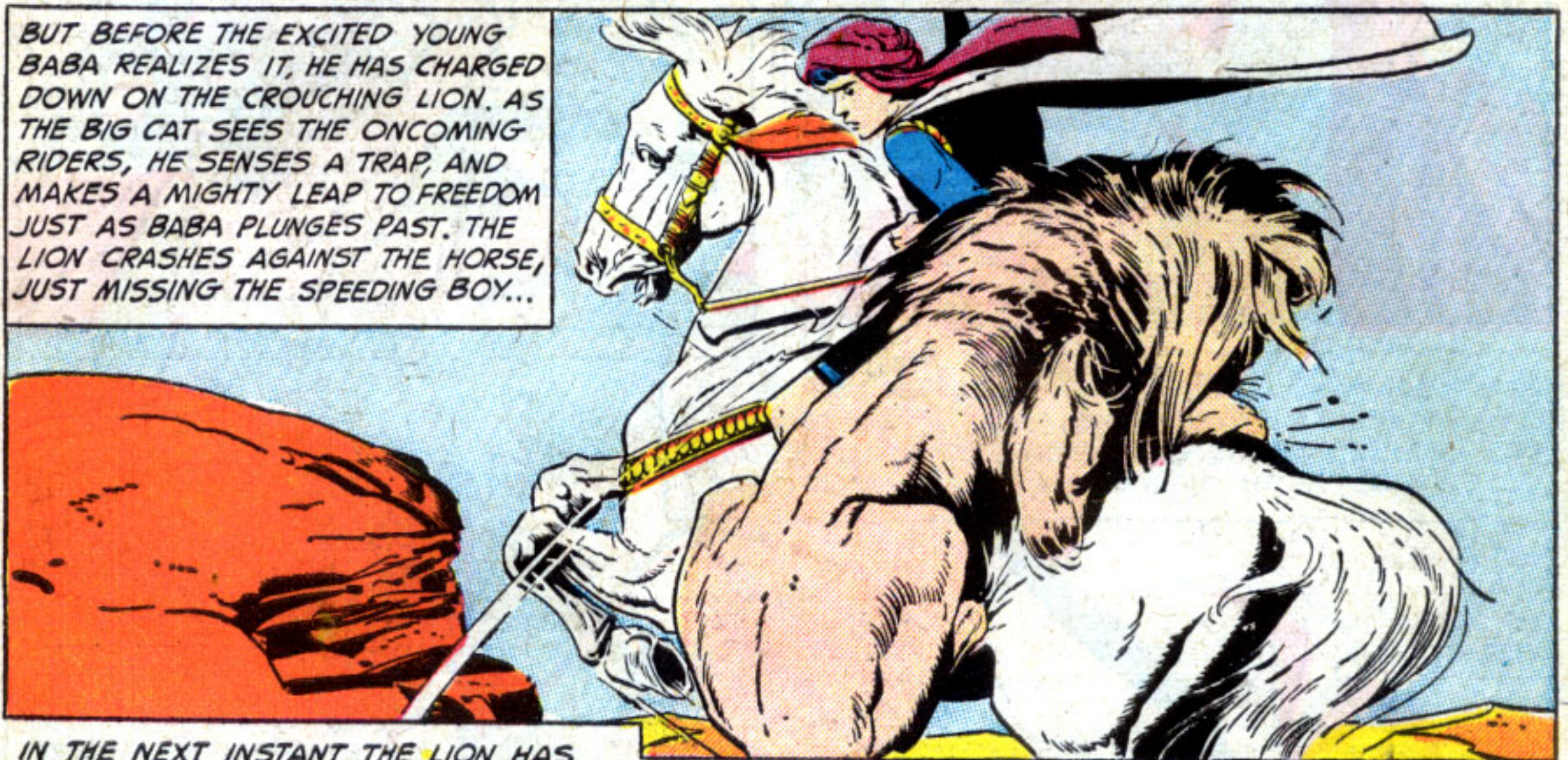


FATHER! FATHER! LOOK OVER BY THAT SAND DUNE! A LION! COME ON!

WAIT, SON! WAIT! DON'T RIDE AT HIM! WE MUST ENCIRCLE HIM WITH OUR OTHER RIDERS!

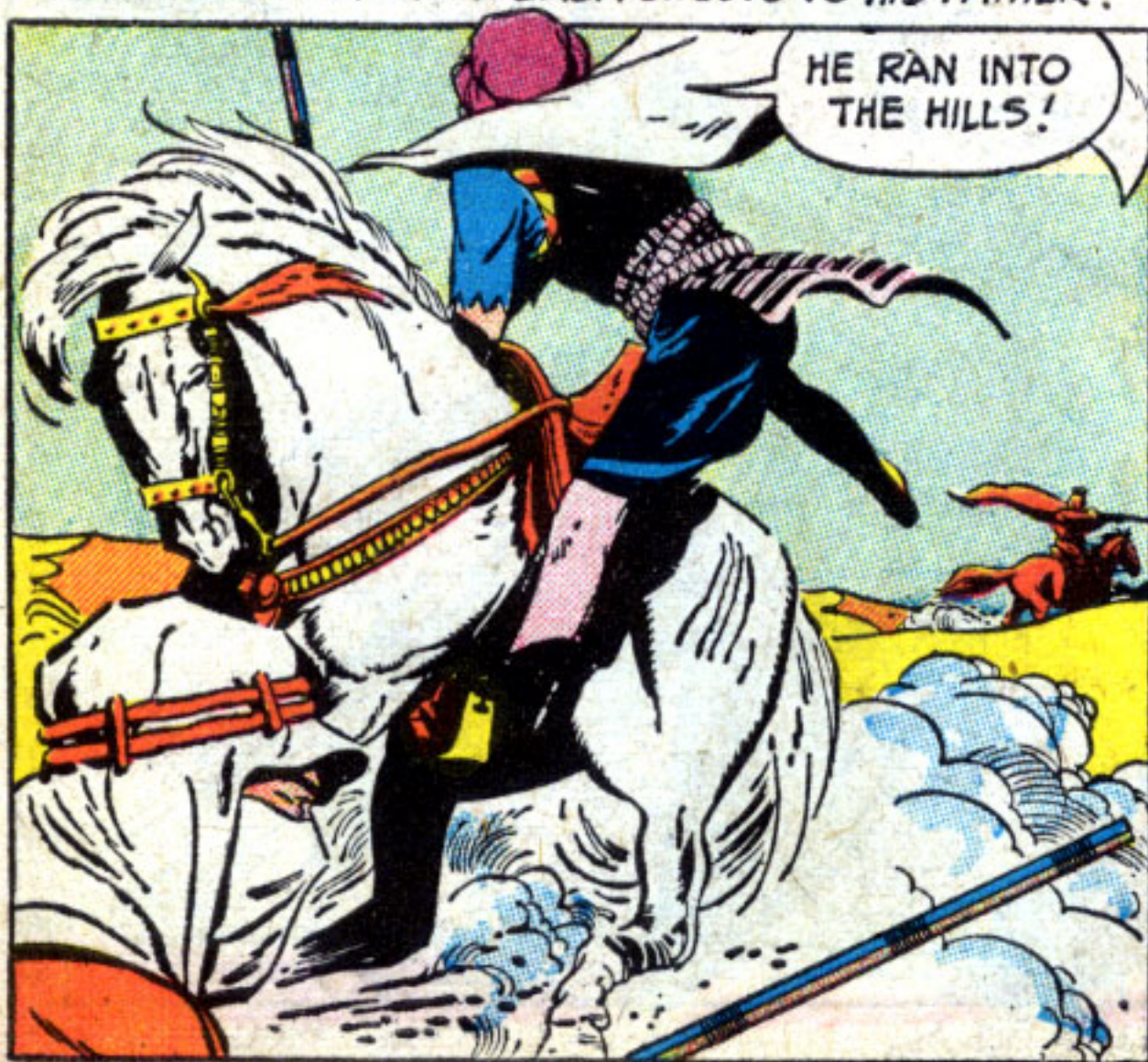


BUT BEFORE THE EXCITED YOUNG BABA REALIZES IT, HE HAS CHARGED DOWN ON THE CROUCHING LION. AS THE BIG CAT SEES THE ONCOMING RIDERS, HE SENSES A TRAP, AND MAKES A MIGHTY LEAP TO FREEDOM JUST AS BABA PLUNGES PAST. THE LION CRASHES AGAINST THE HORSE, JUST MISSING THE SPEEDING BOY...



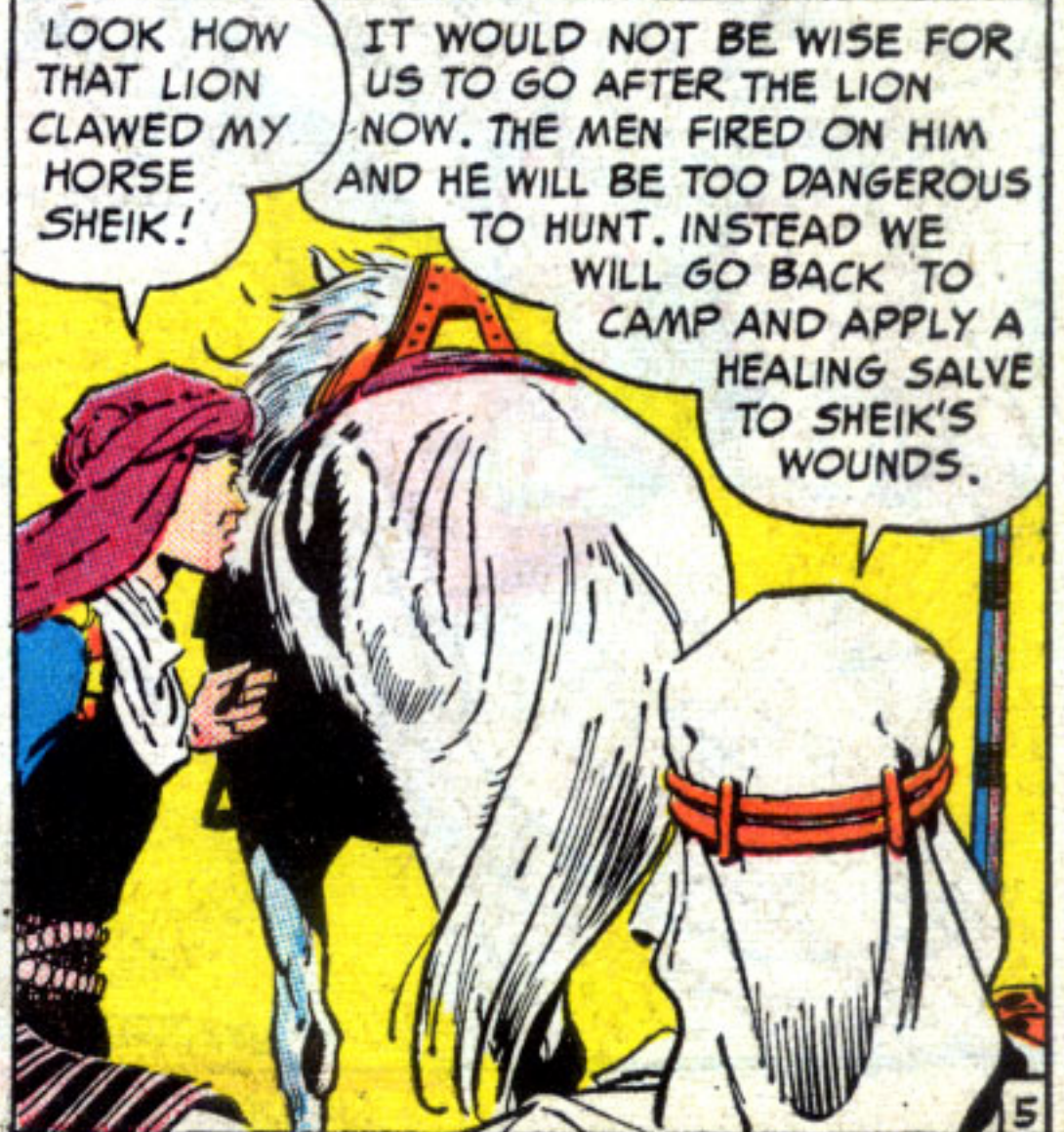
IN THE NEXT INSTANT THE LION HAS SPED TO SAFETY--AND BABA SHOUTS TO HIS FATHER.

HE RAN INTO THE HILLS!



LOOK HOW THAT LION CLAWED MY HORSE SHEIK!

IT WOULD NOT BE WISE FOR US TO GO AFTER THE LION NOW. THE MEN FIRED ON HIM AND HE WILL BE TOO DANGEROUS TO HUNT. INSTEAD WE WILL GO BACK TO CAMP AND APPLY A HEALING SALVE TO SHEIK'S WOUNDS.



WHEN BABA AND HIS FATHER RETURN TO THEIR CAMP THEY FIND BABA'S MOTHER DRESSING THE WOUNDS OF ONE OF THEIR TRIBESMEN WHO HAS BEEN BADLY MAULED BY A LION.

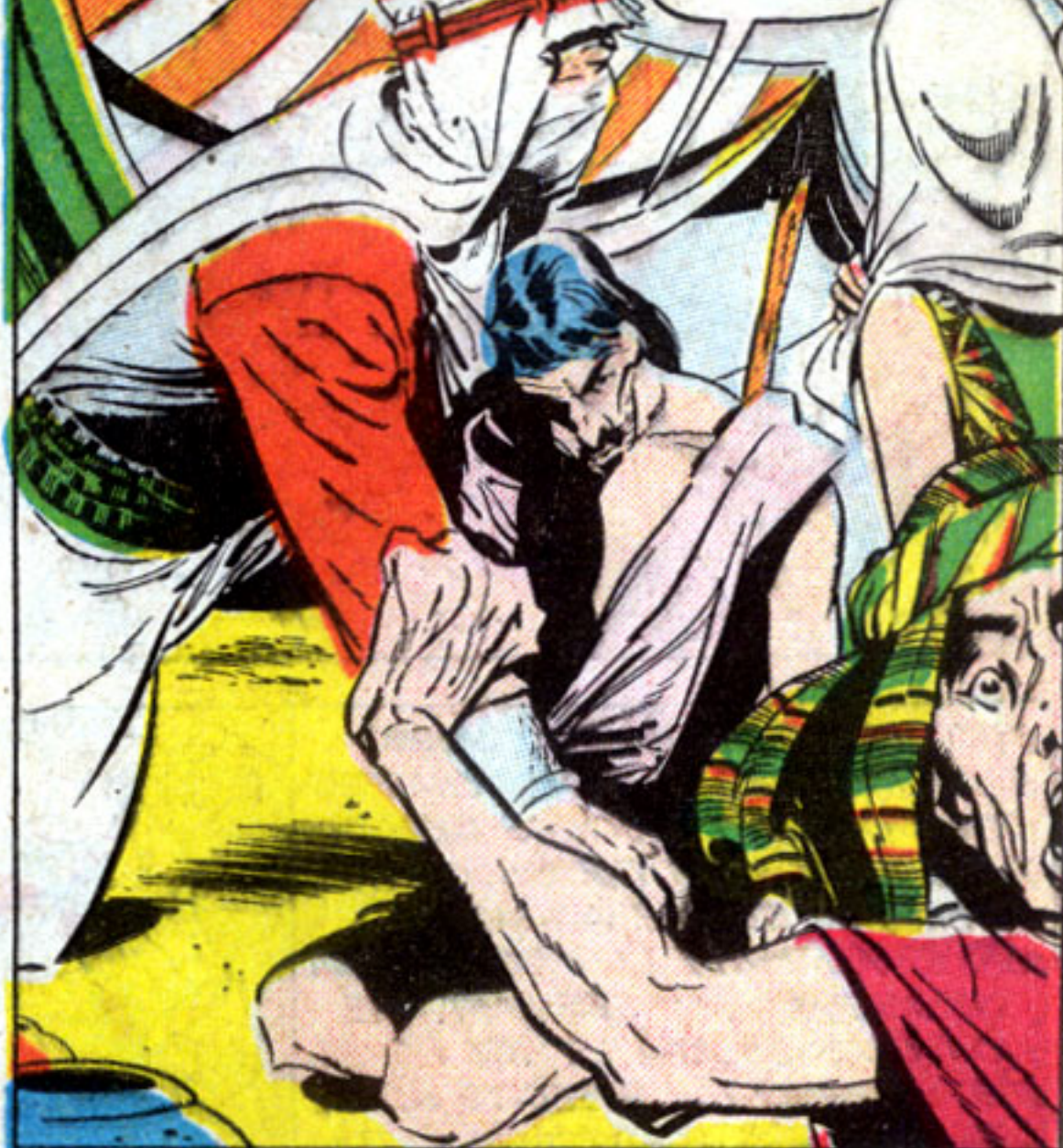
IT IS KALAT! WHILE YOU WERE AWAY HE STAGGERED BACK INTO CAMP, WOUNDED, AS YOU SEE HIM NOW.

HE IS ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE BLACK-MANED LION! IT IS A WONDER HE IS ALIVE!

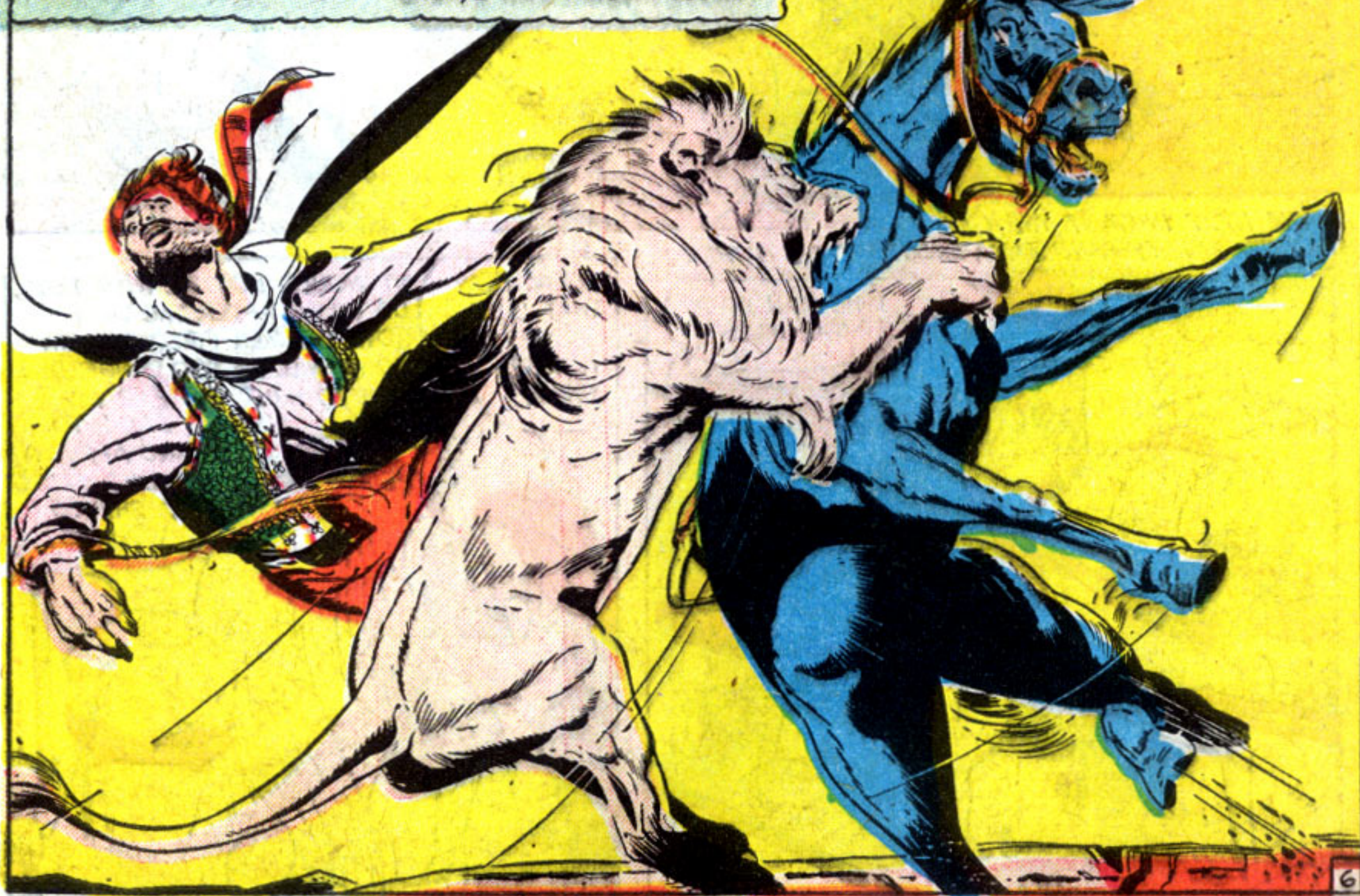


KALAT! IT IS I, ALI BEN FOUSSA! HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

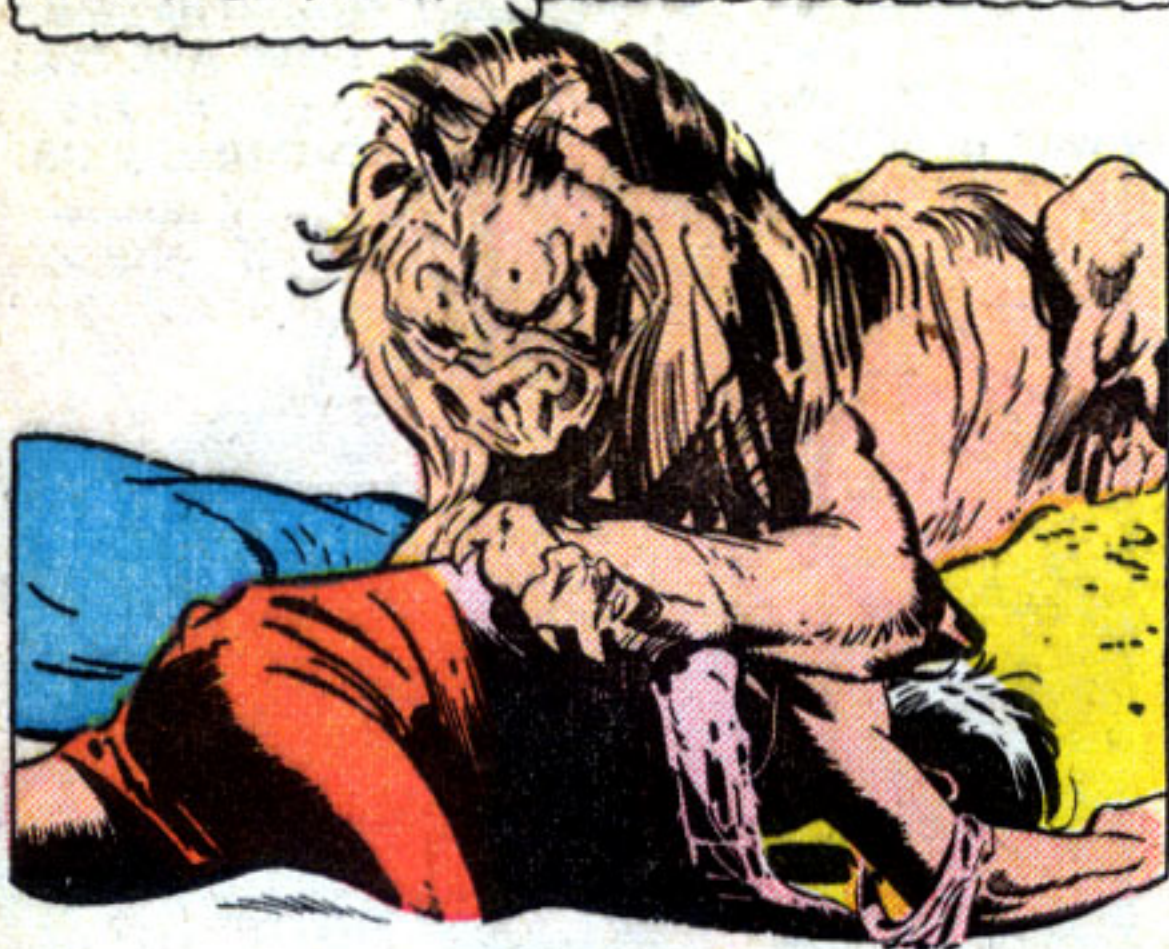
"I WAS RETURNING FROM THE CARAVAN STATION, AND, TO HASTEN HOME, I TOOK A SHORT ROUTE BY THE UNUSED ROAD THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS. AS I RODE THROUGH THE NARROW PASS WHERE THE GROWTH IS THICKEST, MY HORSE BOLTED IN SUDDEN ALARM..."



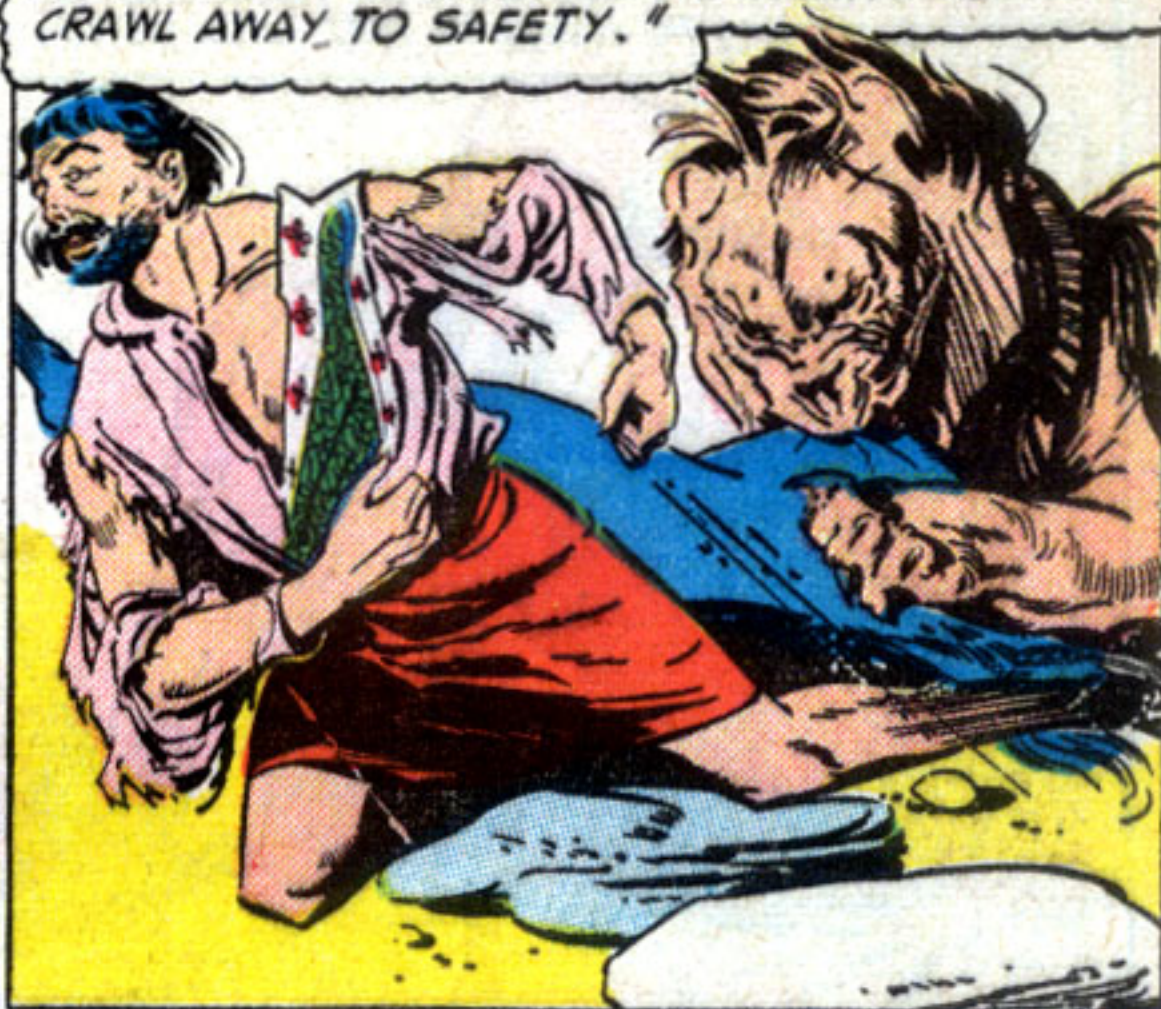
"...WITH LIGHTNING FURY A MIGHTY BLACK-MANED LION SPRUNG FROM THE CONCEALING ROCKS AT THE EDGE OF THE PASS. AS MY HELPLESS, FRIGHTENED HORSE TRIED TO TEAR HIMSELF FROM THE ATTACKER, I WAS THROWN CLEAR."



"...I FELL TO THE GROUND-- I DO NOT KNOW HOW LONG I LAY THERE... BUT AS I REGAINED SOME CONSCIOUSNESS, I COULD FEEL THE LION'S HEAVY PAW UPON ME..."



"...BUT LUCK WAS WITH ME, FOR THE RAVENOUS BEAST WAS MORE ATTRACTED TO MY FALLEN HORSE... AND IT GAVE ME THE CHANCE TO CRAWL AWAY TO SAFETY."



COME, BABA, THIS TIME WE MUST SURELY SLAY THAT BEAST. WE MUST NOT FAIL!



YES, FATHER, I WILL GET THE RIFLES AND SADDLE OUR HORSES.



AND SOON BABA AND HIS CHIEFTAIN FATHER ARE AT THE OLD PASS IN THE MOUNTAINS...



MY HORSE SHEIK IS EXCITED, FATHER. HE SCENTS THE LION!

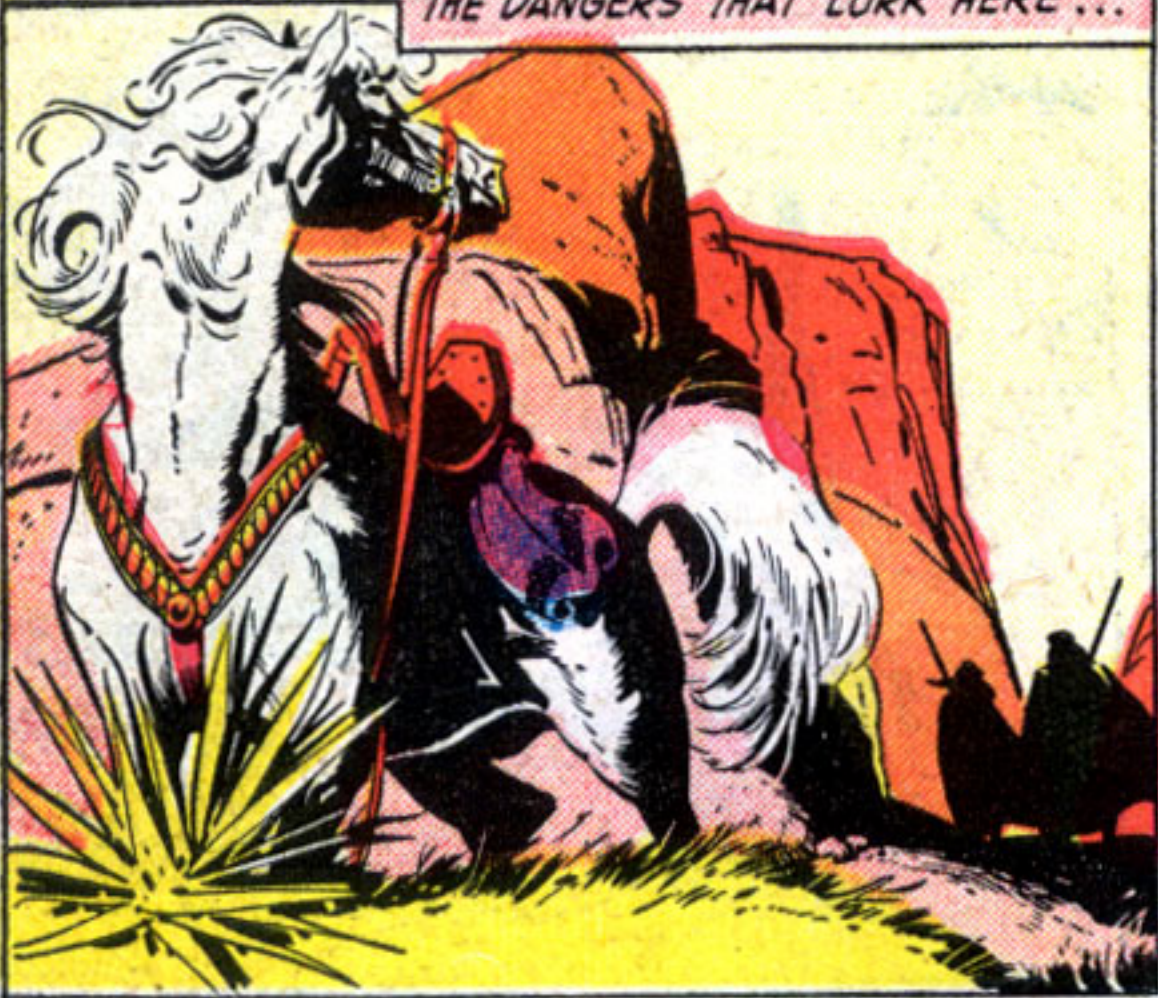
WE'LL DISMOUNT HERE, BABA.

LET US TIE OUR HORSES HERE, BABA.

NO, FATHER, I NEVER TIE MY SHEIK. HE WILL STAY HERE UNTIL I CALL OR RETURN.



AS BABA AND HIS FATHER ENTER THE NARROW PASS, THE GREAT WHITE STALLION SHEIK TURNS TO WATCH THEM... HIS DESERT-TRAINED SENSES KEENLY ALERT TO THE DANGERS THAT LURK HERE...



AND SOME DISTANCE BEYOND, AT A VANTAGE POINT THAT OVERLOOKS THE MOUNTAIN ROAD, WE COME UPON HASSIM AND BAALID, THE RENEGADE ENEMIES OF ALI BEN FOUSSA.

I SEE NO TRACE OF OUR HORSE WHICH WAS SCARED OFF BY THE LION.

SH-H-H! HASSIM! THERE ARE TWO MEN ON THE ROAD BELOW US!

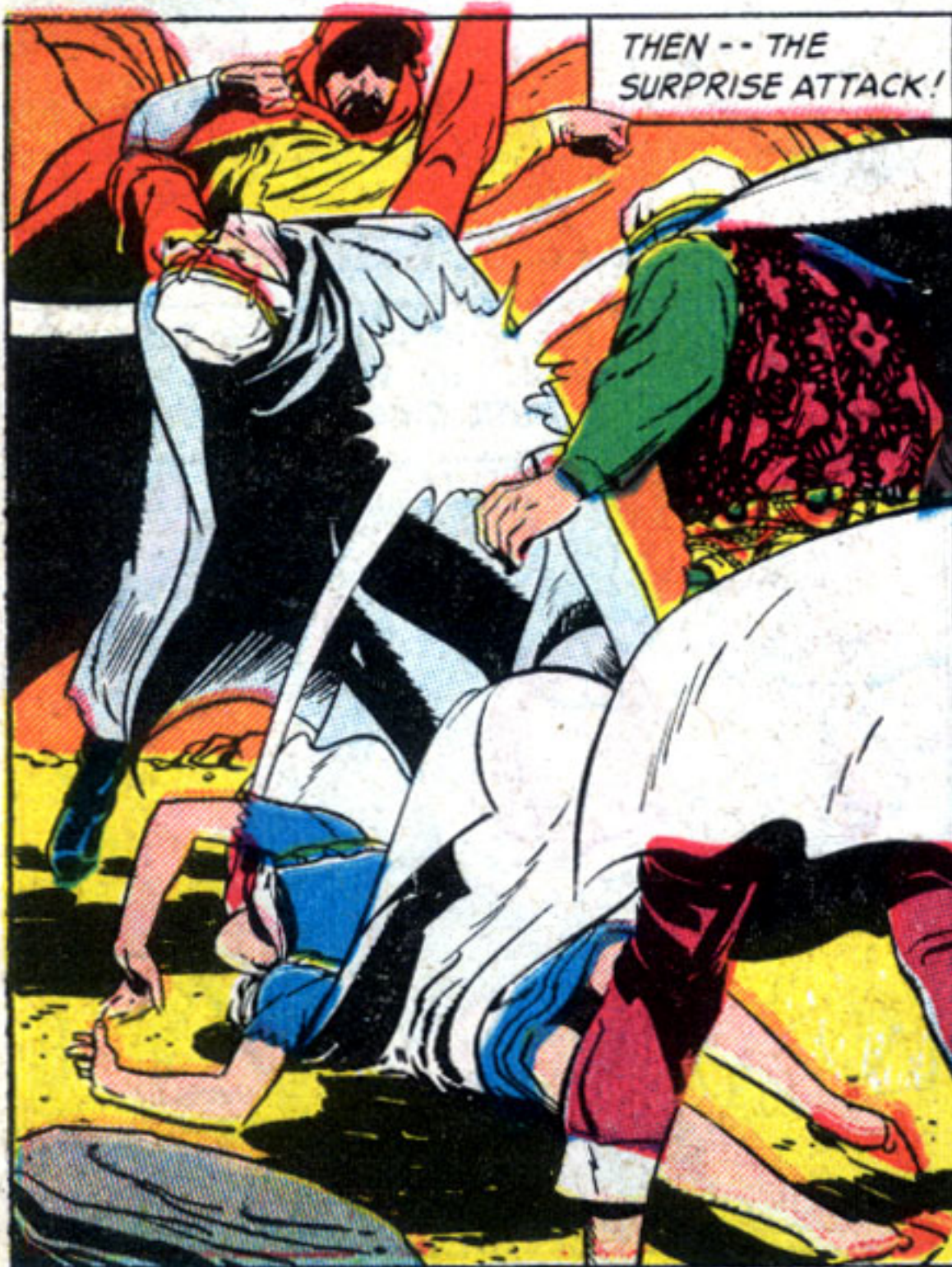


HO! IN ALLAH'S NAME! WHAT LUCK CROSSES OUR PATH! IT IS THE HATED TUAREG CHIEF AND HIS SON! OUR ENEMIES GIVE US THE PERFECT CHANCE TO AVENGE OURSELVES!

AS THEY PASS BENEATH US WE CAN DROP UPON THEM AND HAVE THEM AT OUR MERCY!



THEN -- THE SURPRISE ATTACK!



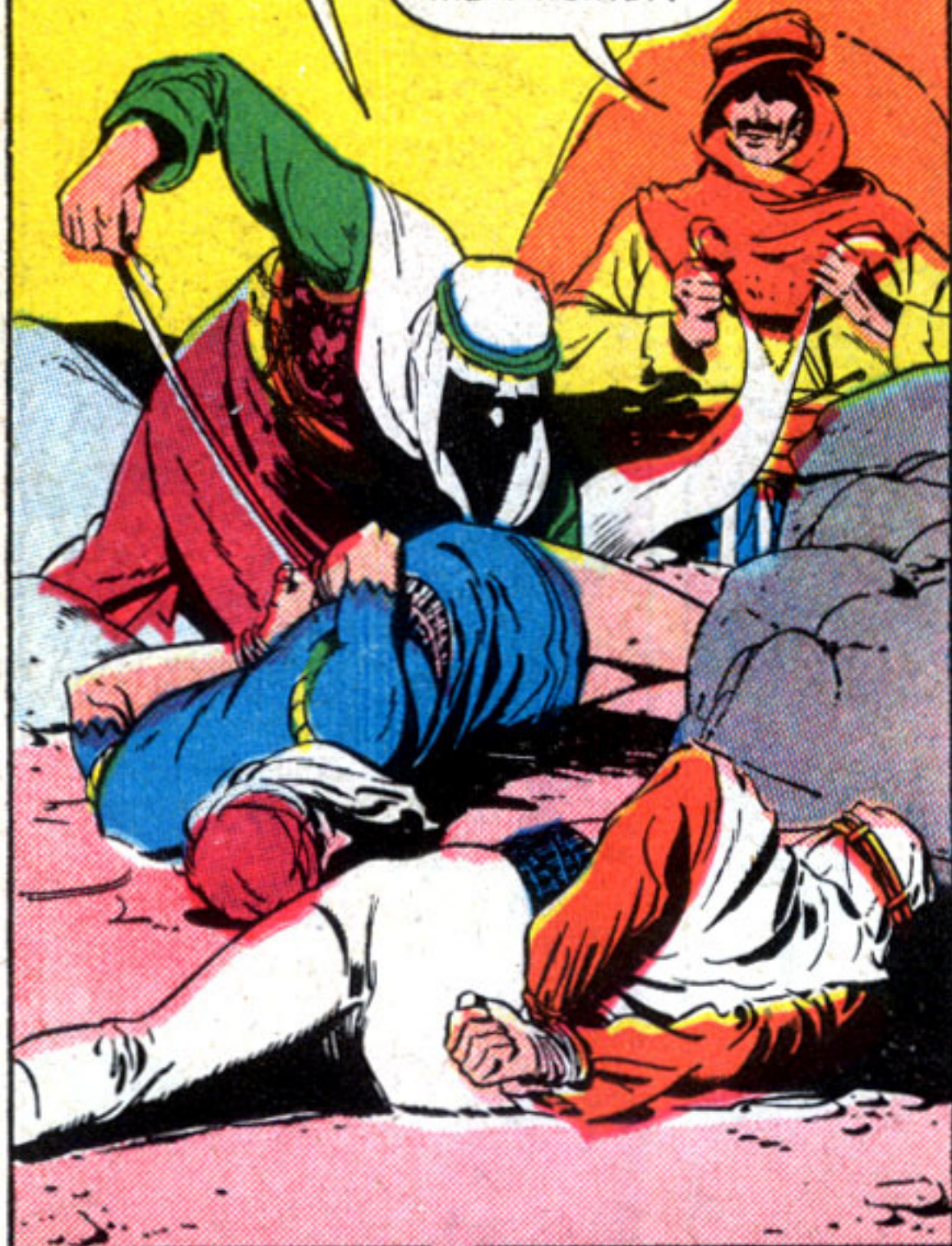
ALI BEN FOUSSA AND YOUNG BABA ARE STUNNED BY THE SUDDEN ONSLAUGHT...

THEY ARE OURS TO DO WITH AS WE PLEASE!



THESE TWISTED STRIPS OF BURNOOSE WILL BIND THEM WELL.

ONLY ENEMIES SUCH AS THESE DESERVE THE FATE WE HAVE IN STORE FOR THEM! TIE THEM TIGHTLY!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, ALI BEN FOUSSA STRUGGLES TO A SITTING POSITION AND ADDRESSES HIS OLD ENEMY, HASSIM.

WELL, EVIL ONE, I COME OUT TO HUNT A LION, BUT I FIND A JACKAL OF FAR MORE BRUTAL DISPOSITION!

HO! AND THE JACKAL CAN NOW AFFORD TO PLAY WITH THE HELPLESS LAMB WHO WAS THE MIGHTY ALI BEN FOUSSA, CHIEFTAIN OF THE TUAREGS!

I GO FOR THE LAMB, HASSIM!



THE VILLAIN HASSIM LEAVES... A HALF HOUR PASSES... AND AS BABA AND HIS FATHER SIT HELPLESSLY, THE SCOWLING BAALID RETURNS WITH A DEAD LAMB IN HIS ARMS.

THE JACKAL BAALID RETURNS -- AND HE CARRIES A LAMB.

YES, AND WITH THIS LAMB WE CARRY OUT A SPECIAL PLAN THAT WE HAVE ARRANGED IN YOUR HONOR!



THE SOUND OF VOICES HAS REACHED A DEN IN THE ROCKY HILLSIDE -- AND BURNING EYES THAT HAVE BEEN ROUSED FROM DAYTIME SLUMBER NOW GLARE WITH BURNING HATRED AT THE FIGURES BELOW.



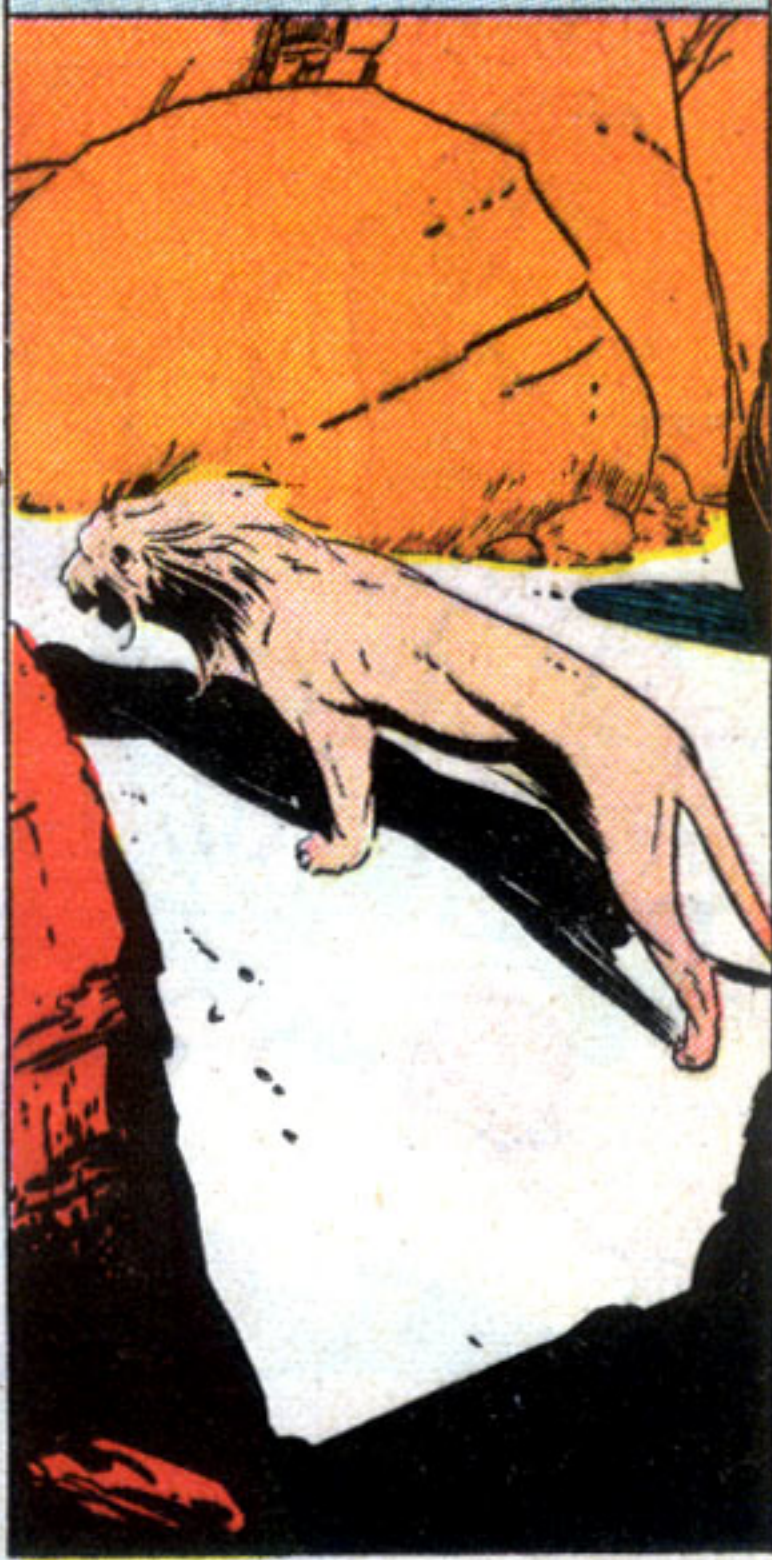
WITH THE QUIET STEALTH OF HIS KIND, THE LORD OF THE DESERT GLIDES TO THE MOUTH OF HIS CAVE ...



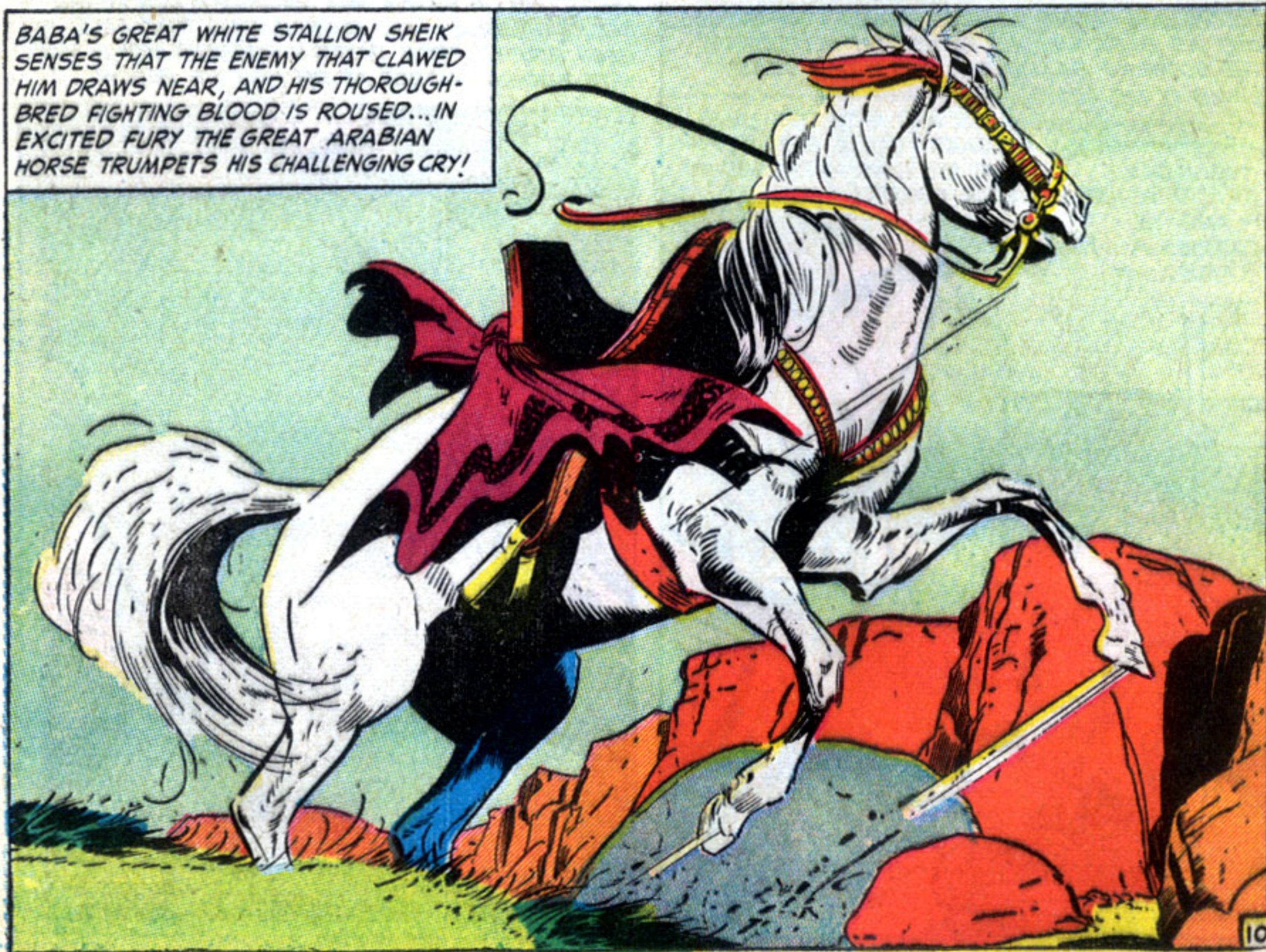
... AND, IN SPITE OF HIS GREAT BULK, HE DROPS LIGHTLY TO THE ROADWAY BELOW.



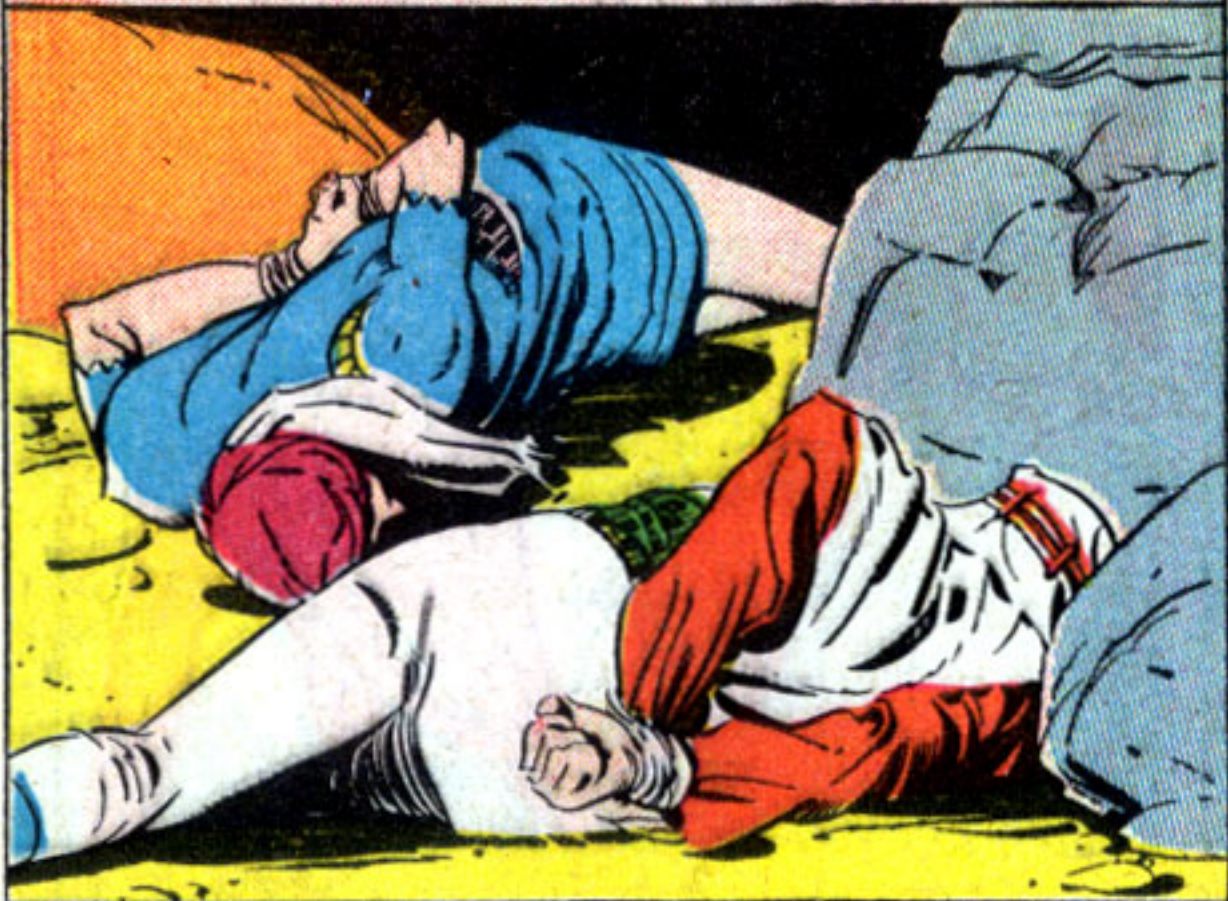
THE SCENT OF FRESH LAMB'S BLOOD IS STRONG IN THE KILLER'S NOSTRILS, AND HE STARTS IN THE DIRECTION FROM WHICH IT COMES...



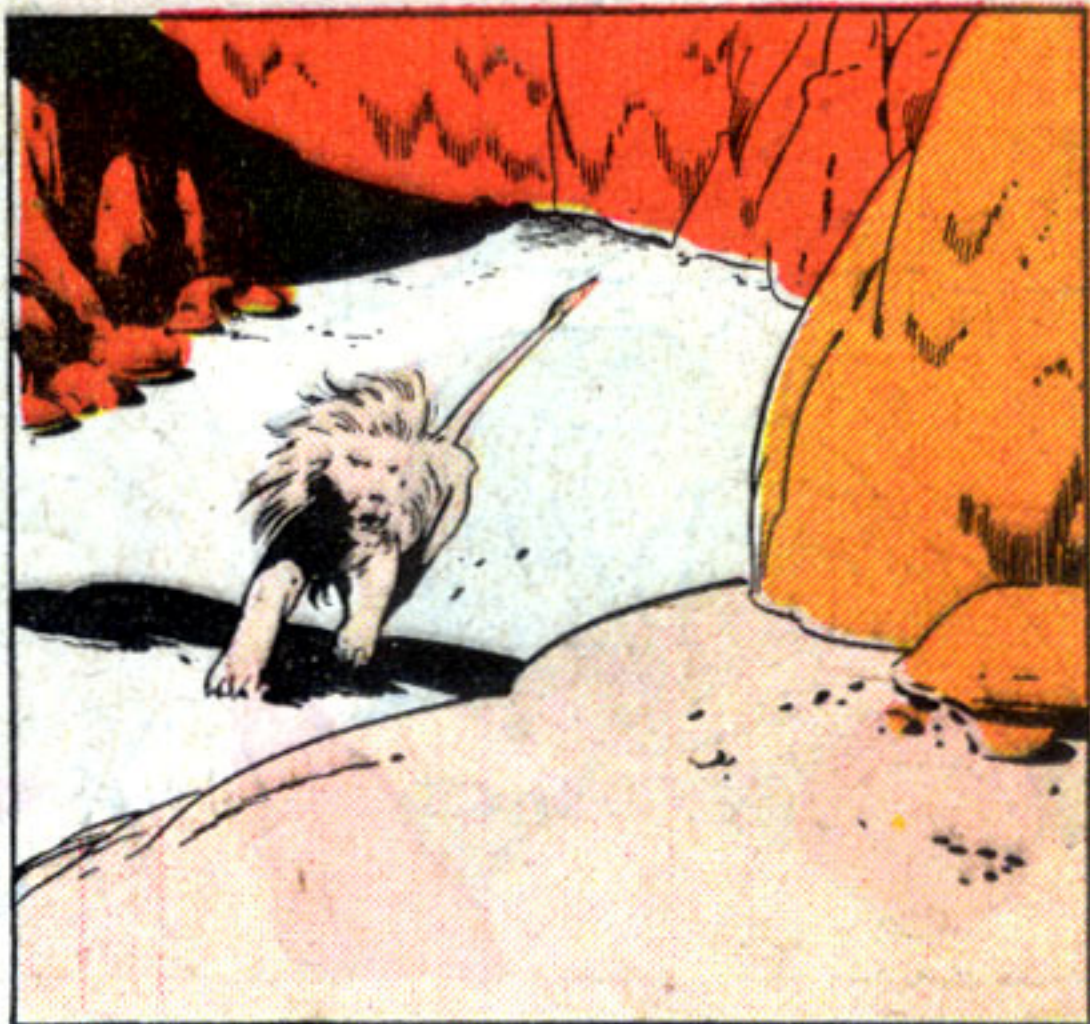
BABA'S GREAT WHITE STALLION SHEIK SENSES THAT THE ENEMY THAT CLAWED HIM DRAWS NEAR, AND HIS THOROUGH-BRED FIGHTING BLOOD IS ROUSED...IN EXCITED FURY THE GREAT ARABIAN HORSE TRUMPETS HIS CHALLENGING CRY!



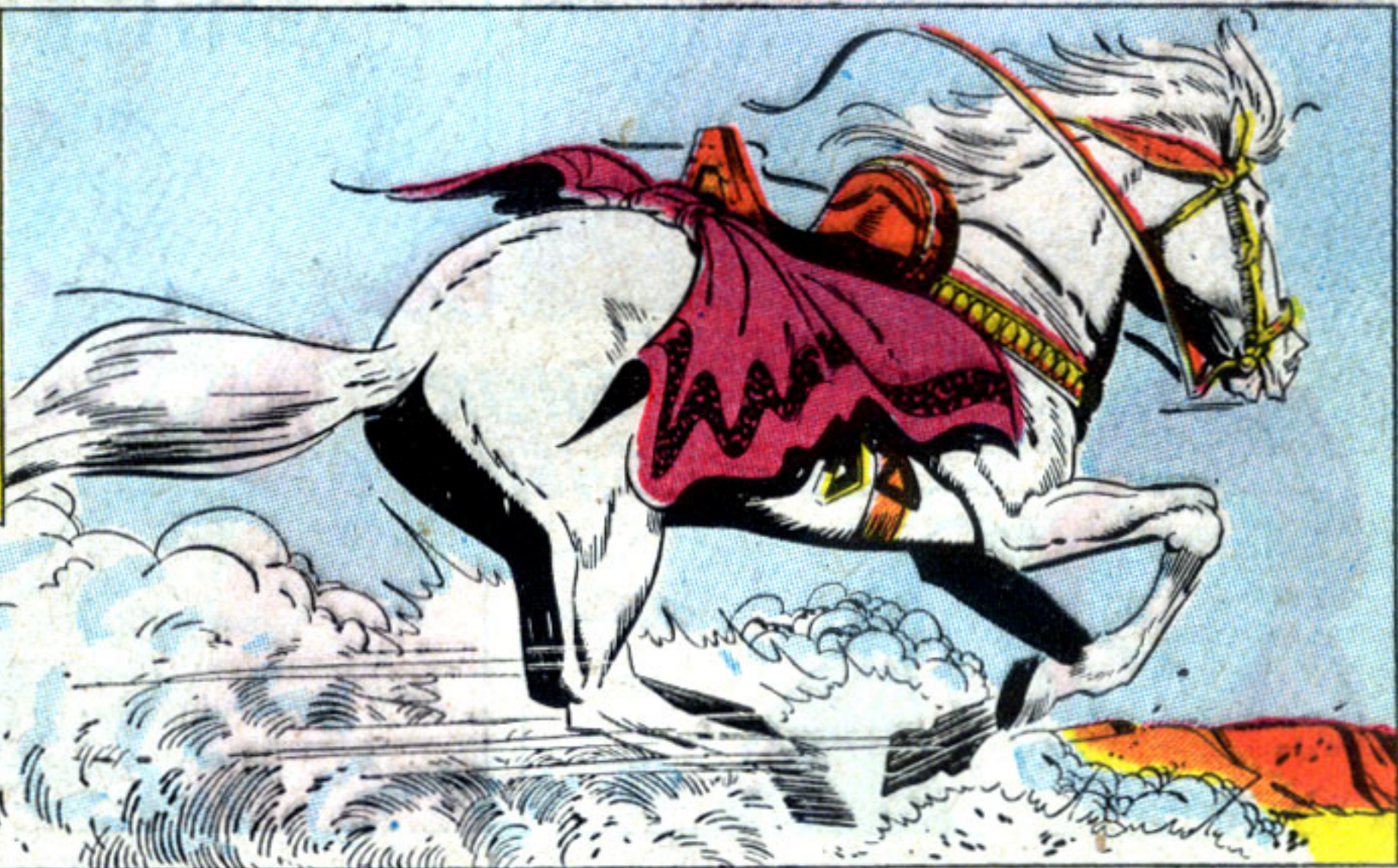
THE HELPLESS BABA AND HIS CHIEFTAIN FATHER NOW LAY HUNCHED AS VICTIMS TO HASSIM'S EVIL SCHEME-- FOR THE RENEGADE HAS MADE A TRAIL OF FRESH LAMB'S BLOOD THAT WILL DRAW THE KILLER LION RIGHT TO HIS POWERLESS ENEMIES...



AND WITH MOUNTING FURY THE DESERT KILLER SPEEDS ALONG THE WARM TRAIL THAT MADDENS HIS APPETITE FOR THE KILL THAT LIES AHEAD...

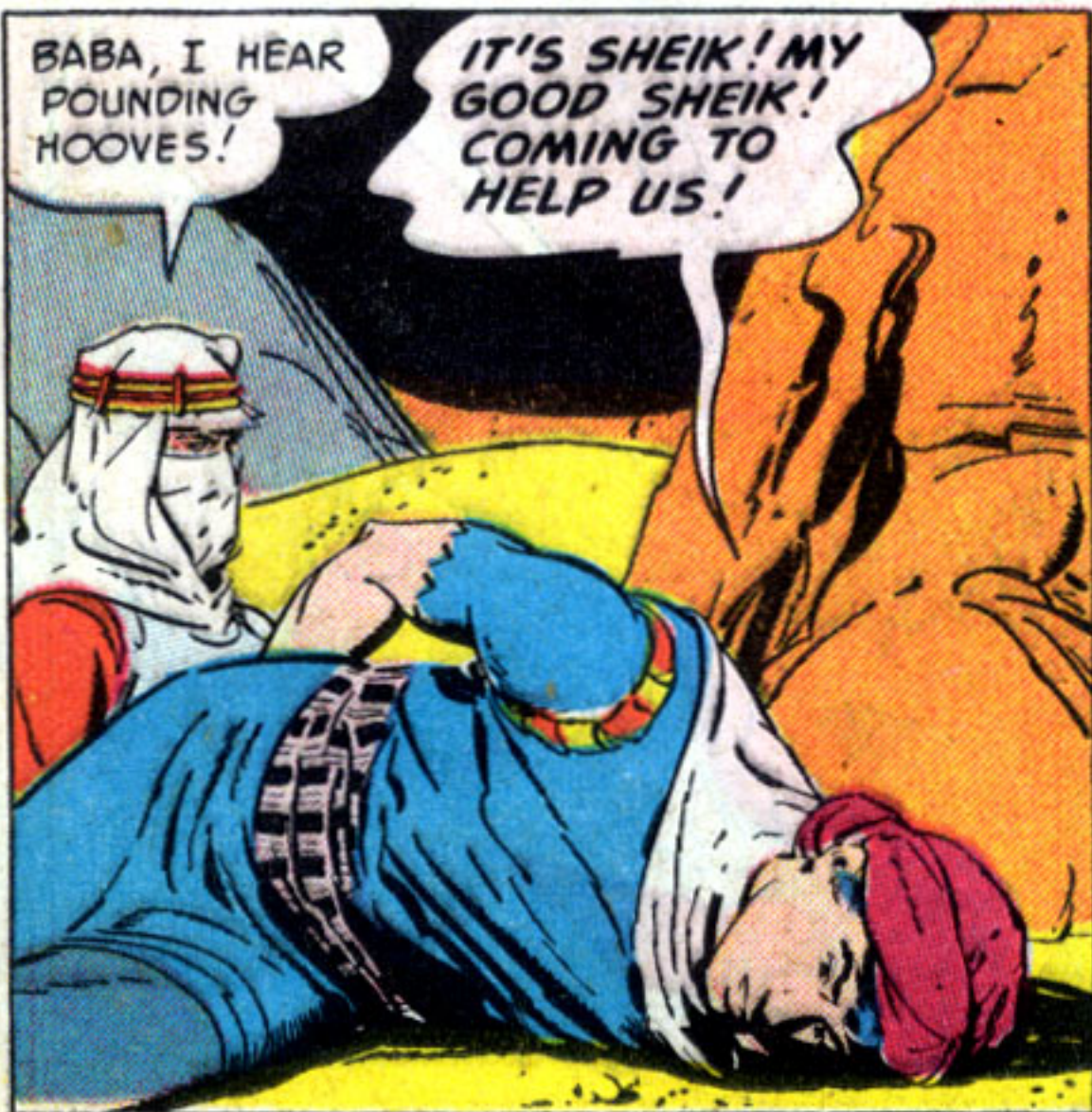


BUT THE GREAT SHEIK IS OFF LIKE A SHOT AND THUNDERING IN THE DIRECTION OF HIS YOUNG MASTER... HIS SHARP DESERT SENSES TELL HIM OF THE LION PERIL, AND THE GREAT WHITE STALLION KNOWS THAT THE RAGING BEAST MUST BE STOPPED!



BABA, I HEAR POUNDING HOOVES!

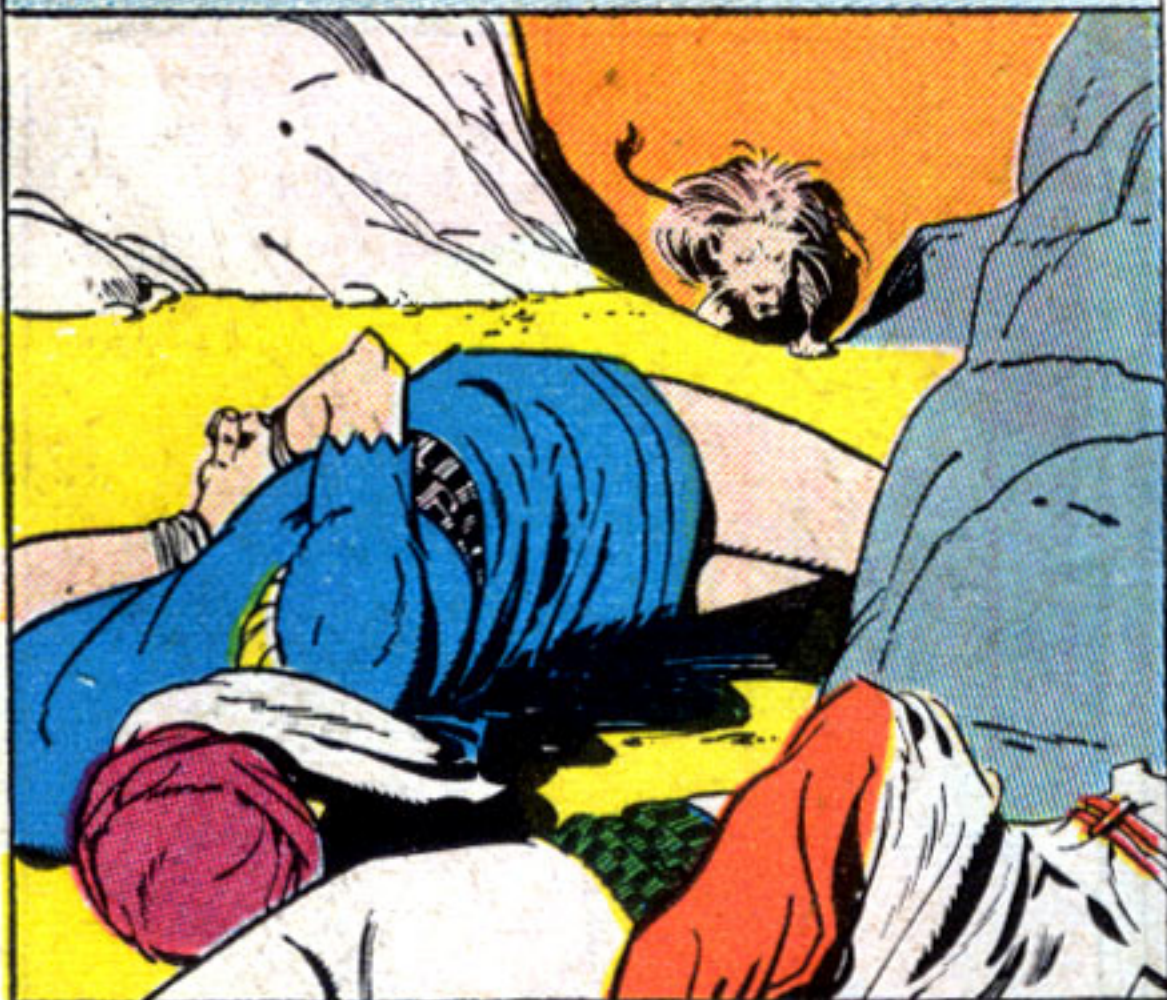
IT'S SHEIK! MY GOOD SHEIK! COMING TO HELP US!



BUT ALREADY ON THE SCENE, AND CROUCHED IN THE ROCKS ABOVE, IS THE MOTIONLESS LION, AND WITH GREEDY SATISFACTION HE STARES DOWN ON HIS VICTIMS.



NOW THE BIG, CUNNING BEAST LEAVES HIS ROCKY PERCH, AND WITH CAUTIOUS TREAD CREEPS CLOSER BEFORE LEAPING TO ATTACK...

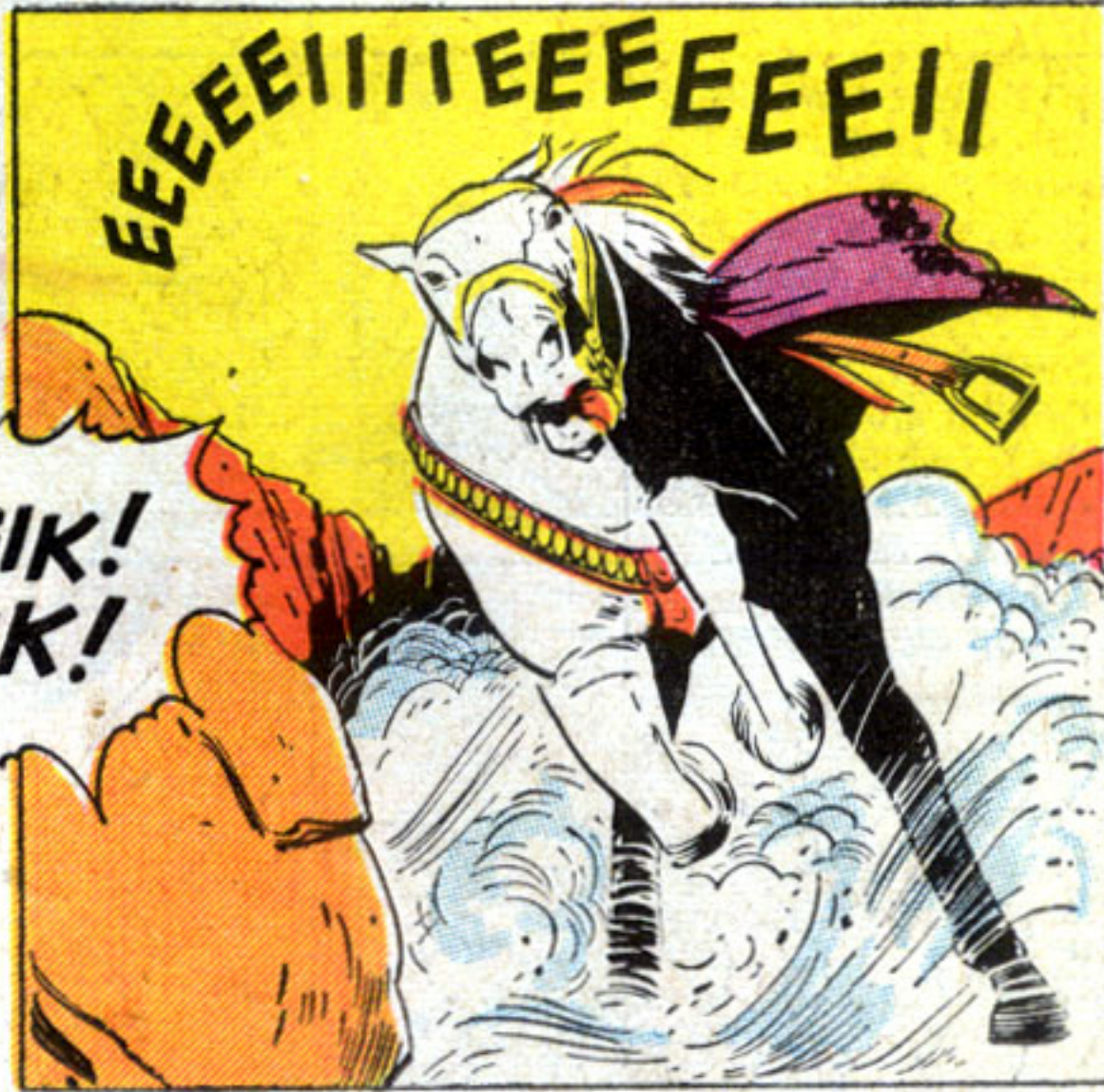


FATHER!
FATHER!!
THE LION!
OH, SHEIK!
SHEIK! WHERE
ARE YOU!

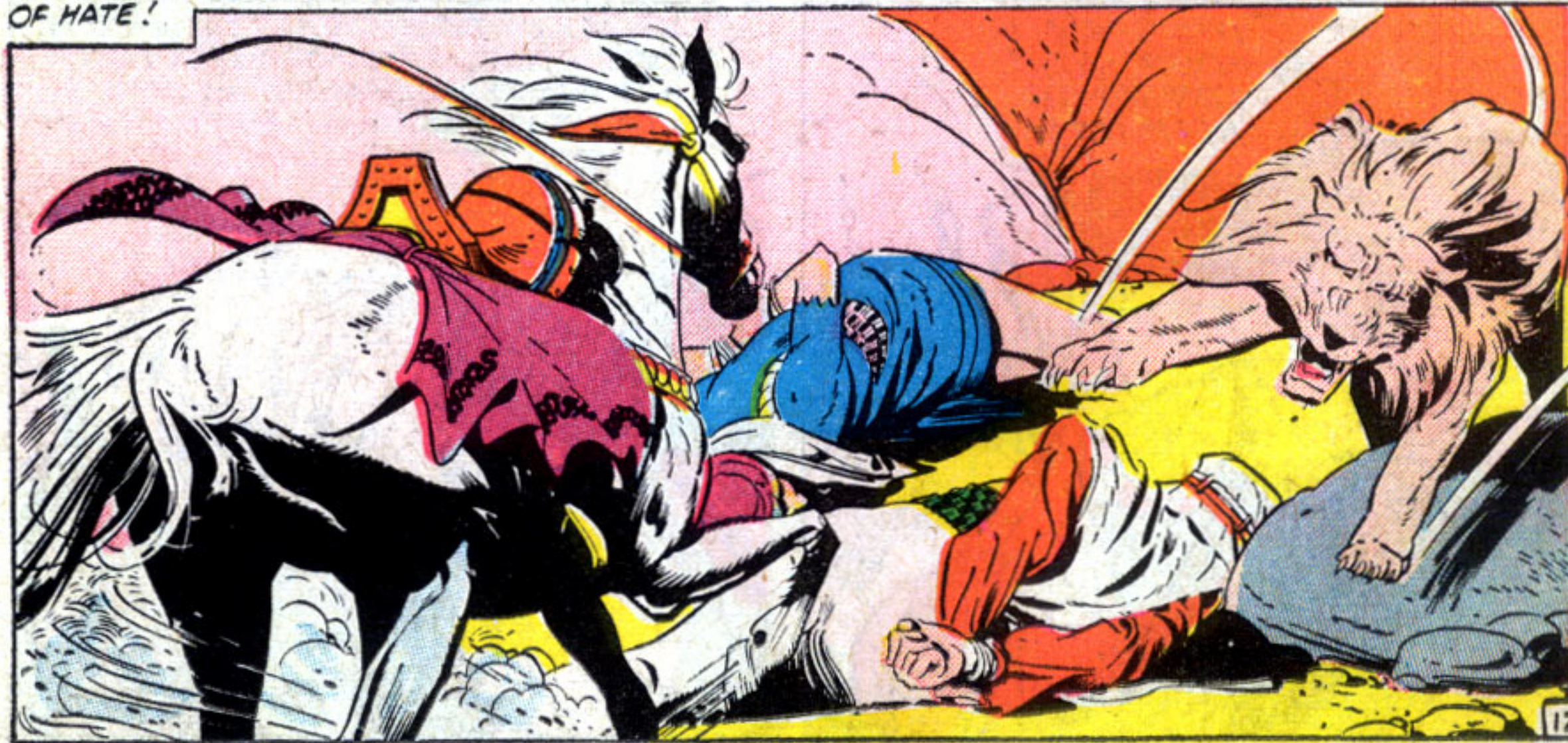
SHEIK IS NEAR! HIS HOOF-
BEATS GROW LOUDER!
MAY ALLAH BRING HIM
IN TIME!



SHEIK!
SHEIK!



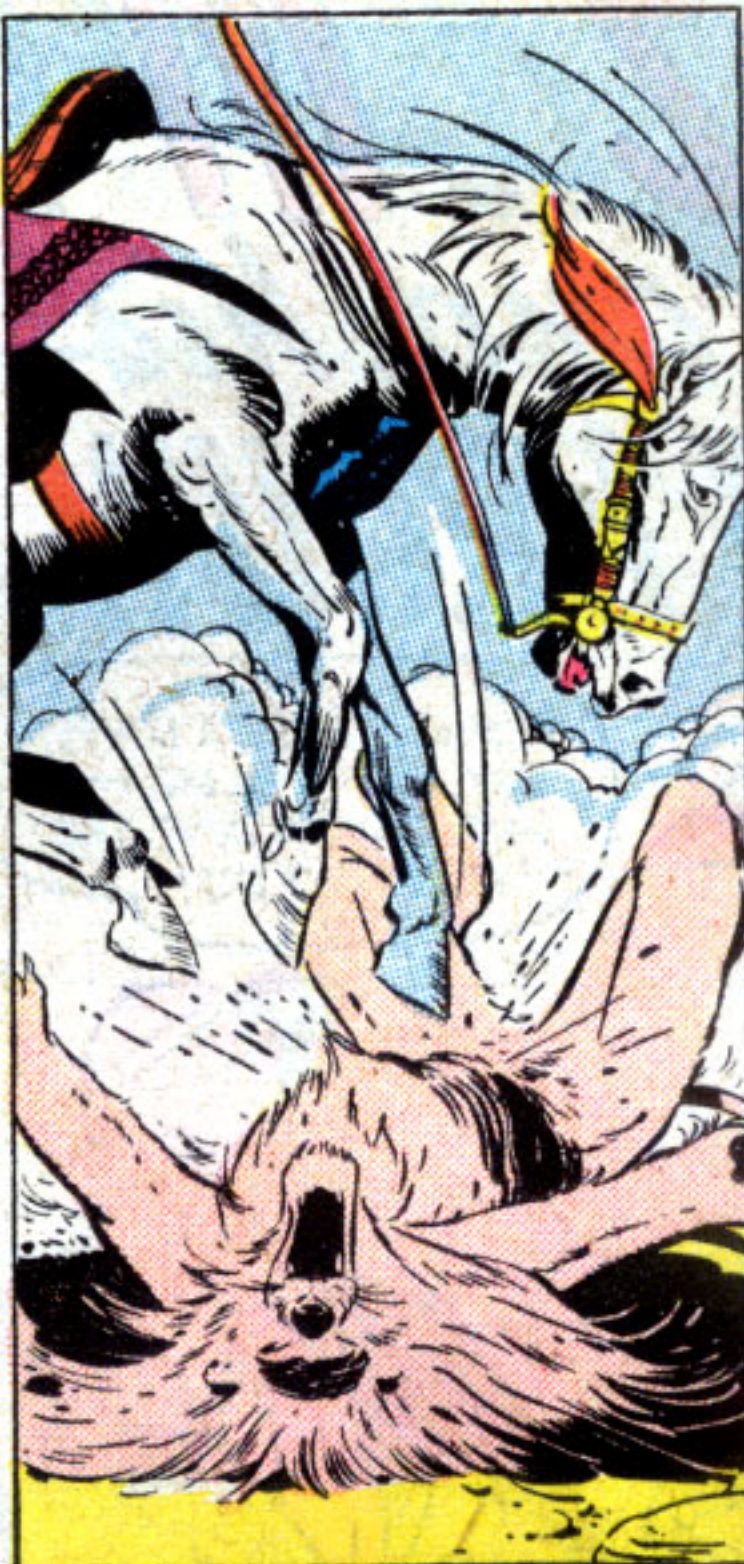
AND OVER THE HELPLESS FORMS OF BABA AND HIS FATHER, HORSE AND LION COME TOGETHER IN AN ONSLAUGHT OF HATE!



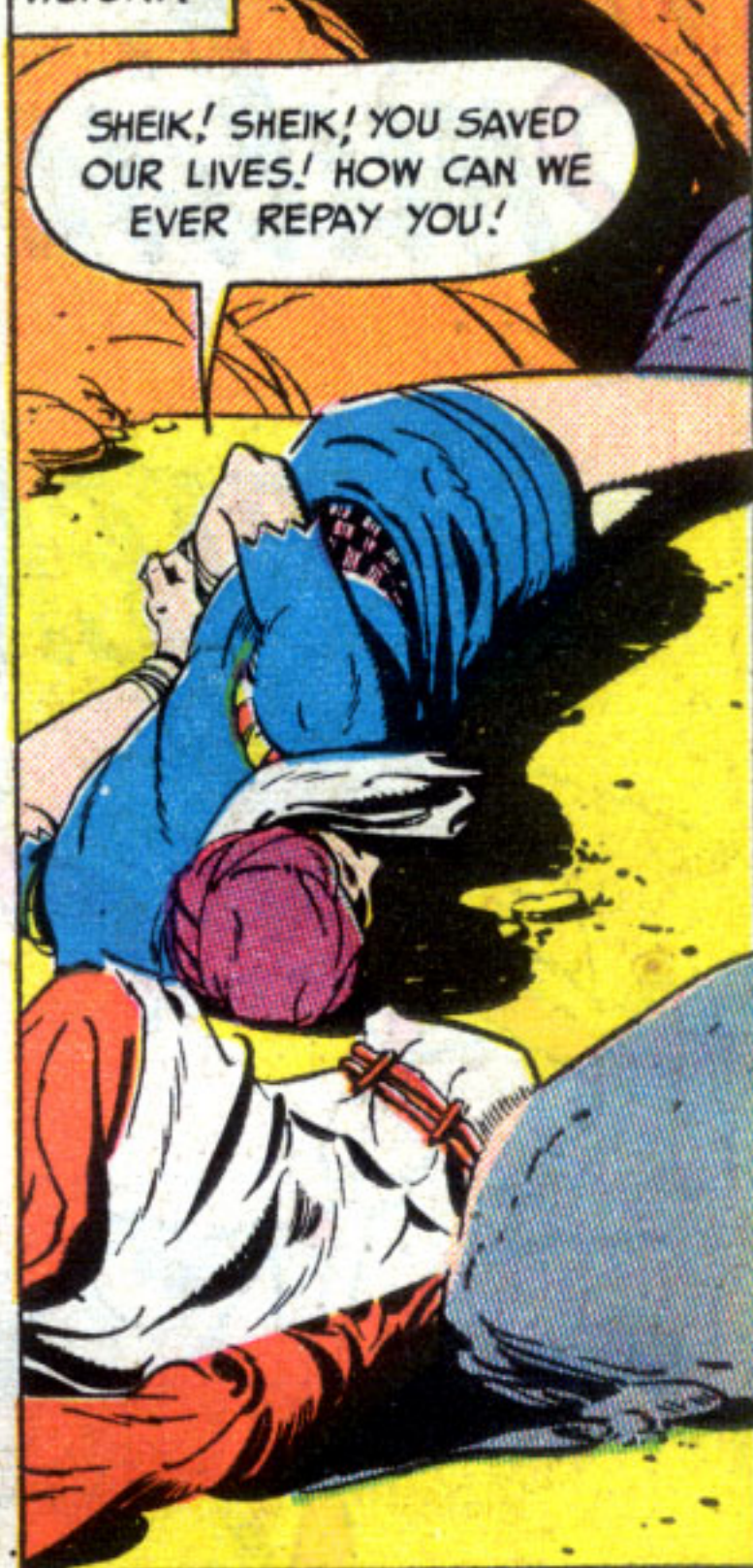
THE BIG WHITE STALLION KNOWS HIS ENEMY, AND HE REARS INTO THE AIR TO AVOID THE LION'S FIRST DEADLY RUSH...



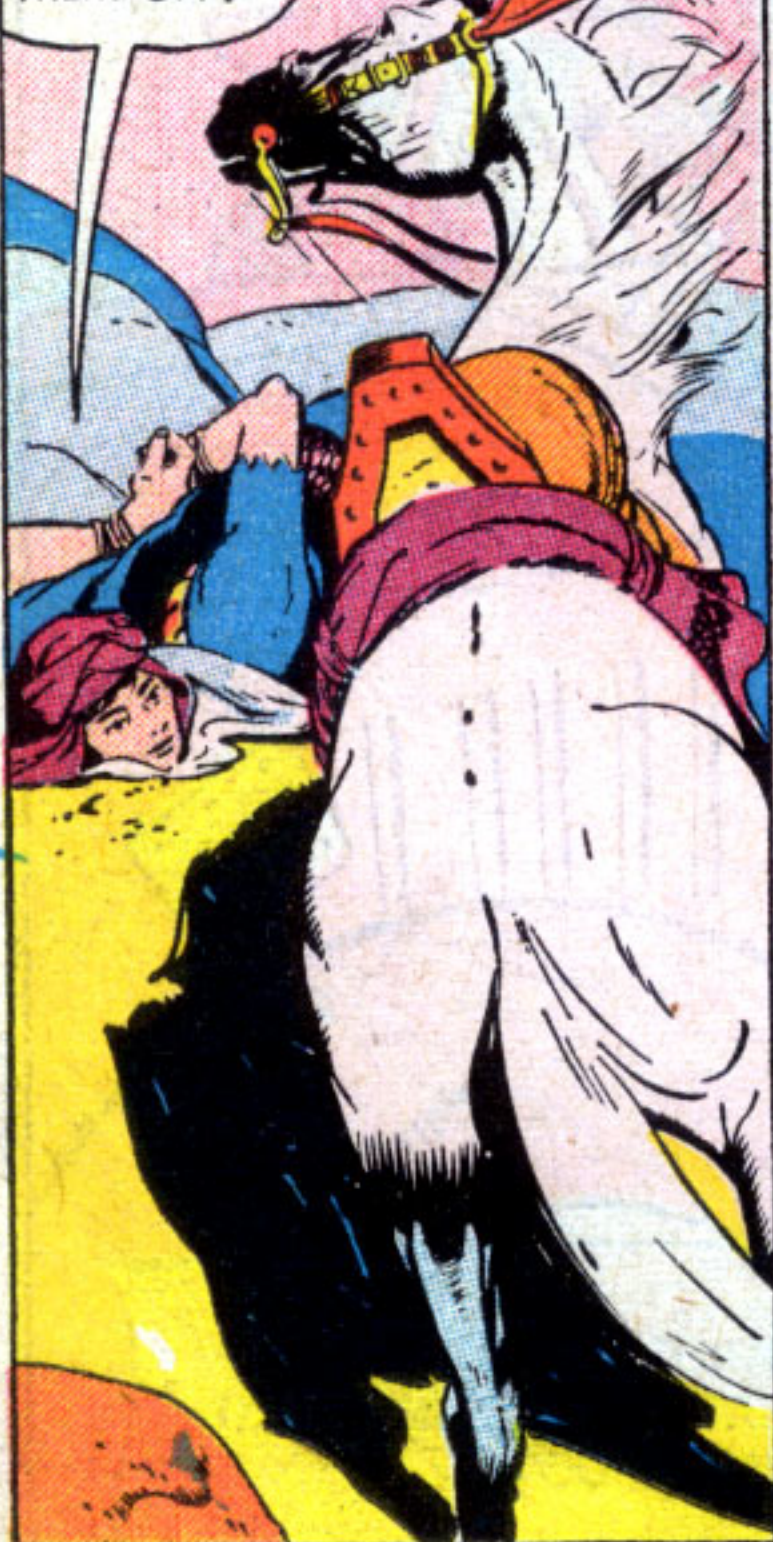
...THEN SHEIK'S SLASHING HOOVES BECOME PISTON-LIKE BLUDGEONS THAT BATTER THE LION TO THE GROUND IN TORN DEFEAT.



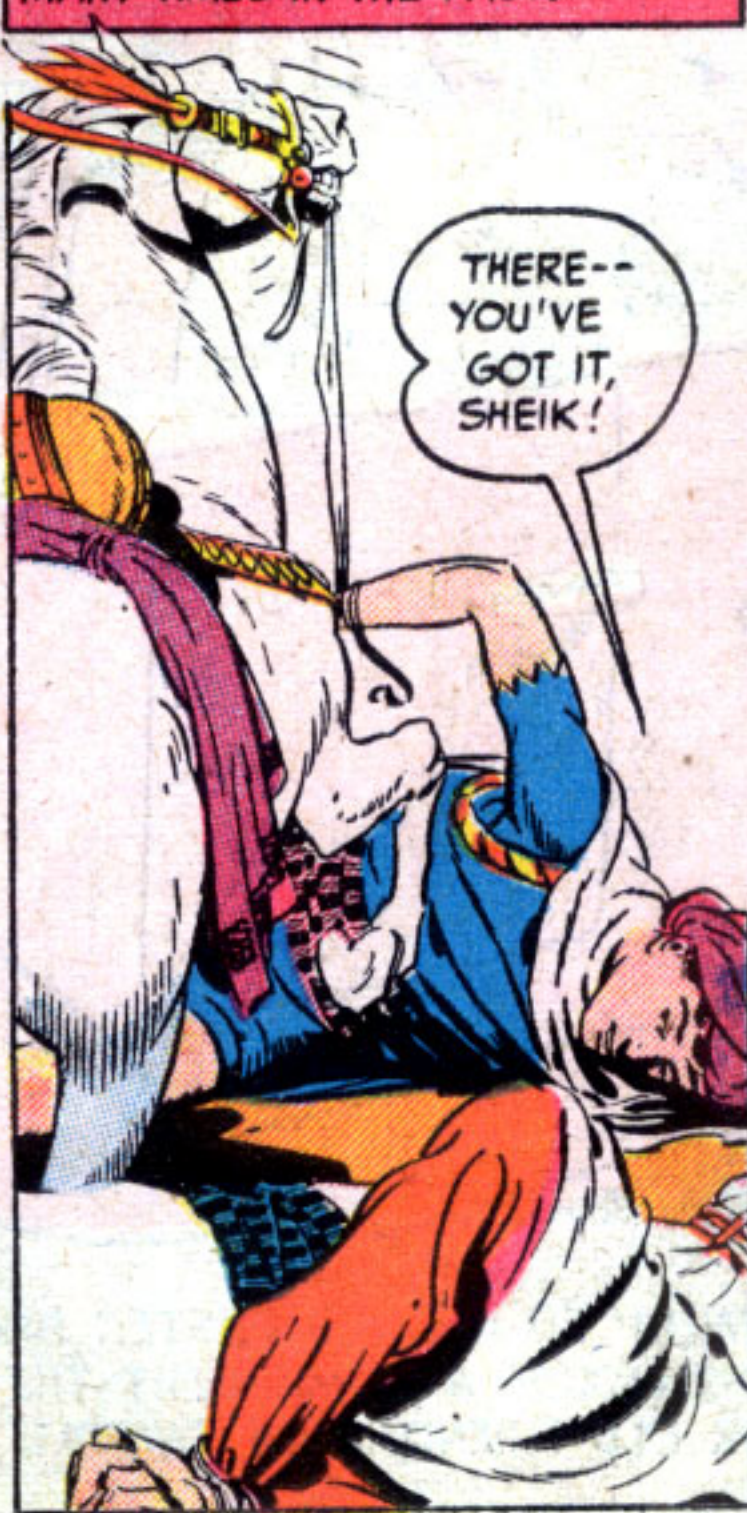
THE HELPLESS BABA AND HIS FATHER CRY IN JOY AT THE GREAT SHEIK'S VICTORY.



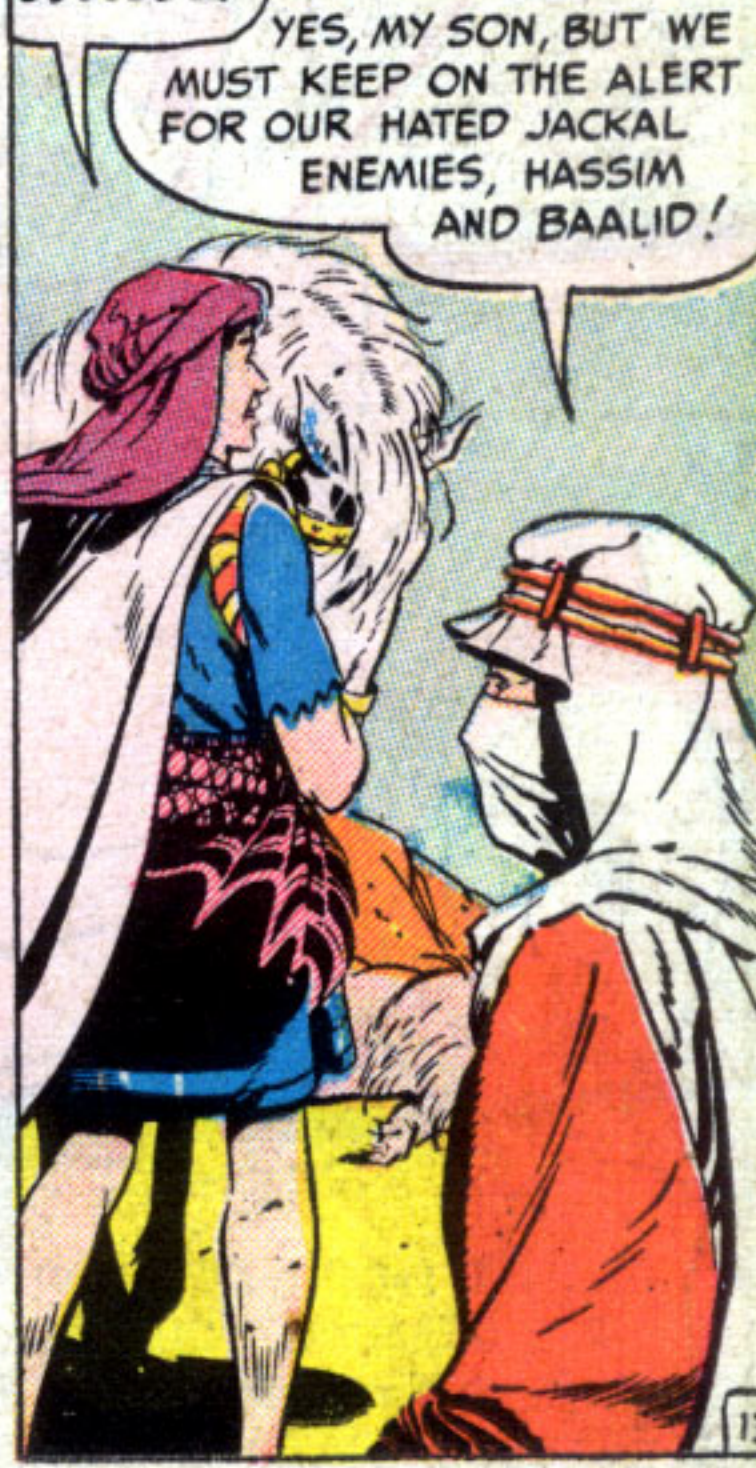
GOOD SHEIK! COME HERE! THESE BONDS-- PULL THEM OFF!



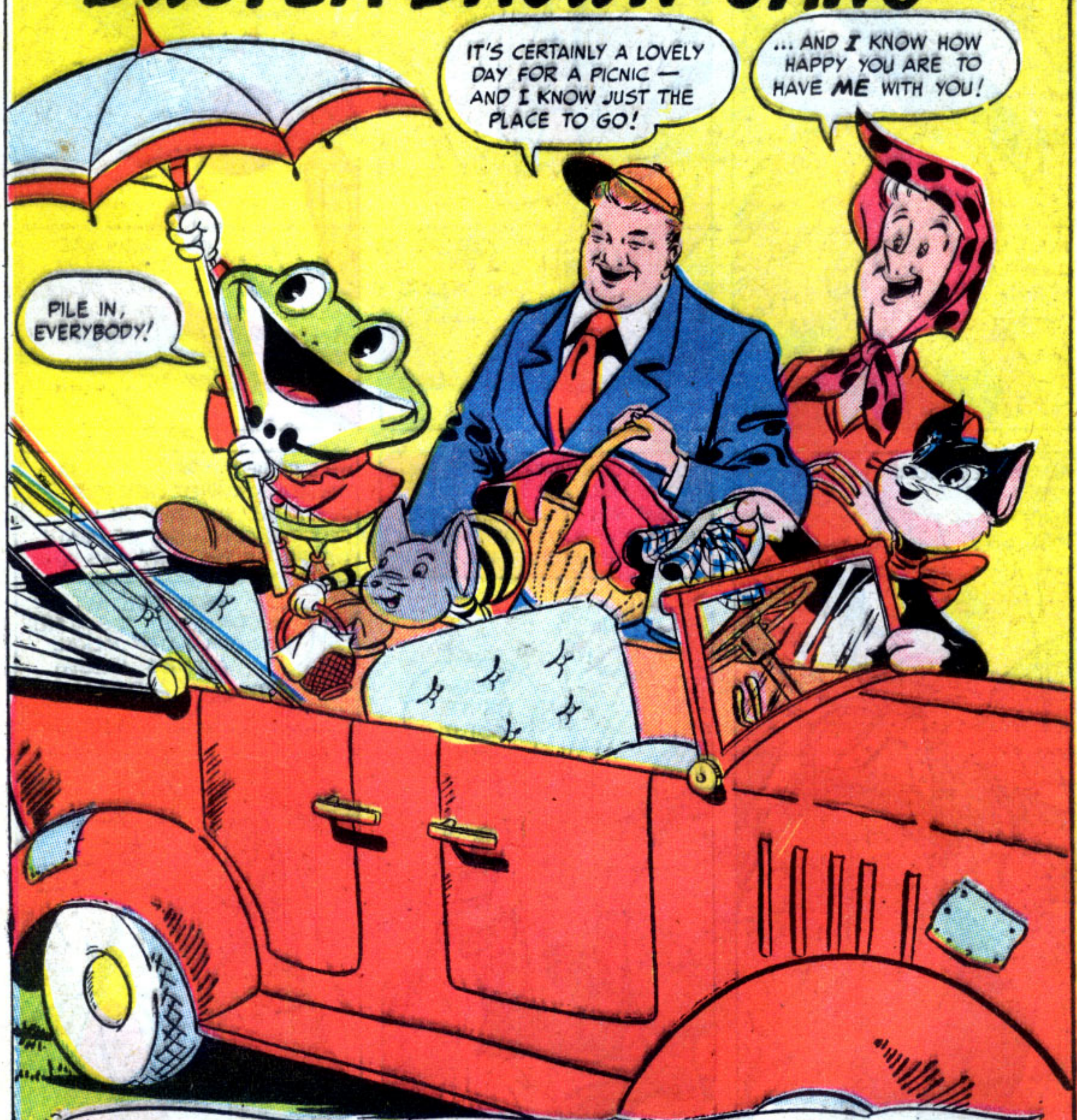
THIS IS A COMMAND THAT SHEIK KNOWS WELL, FOR BABA HAS TAUGHT HIM TO LOOSEN BONDS, AND THEY'VE PLAYED AT THIS GAME MANY TIMES IN THE PAST.



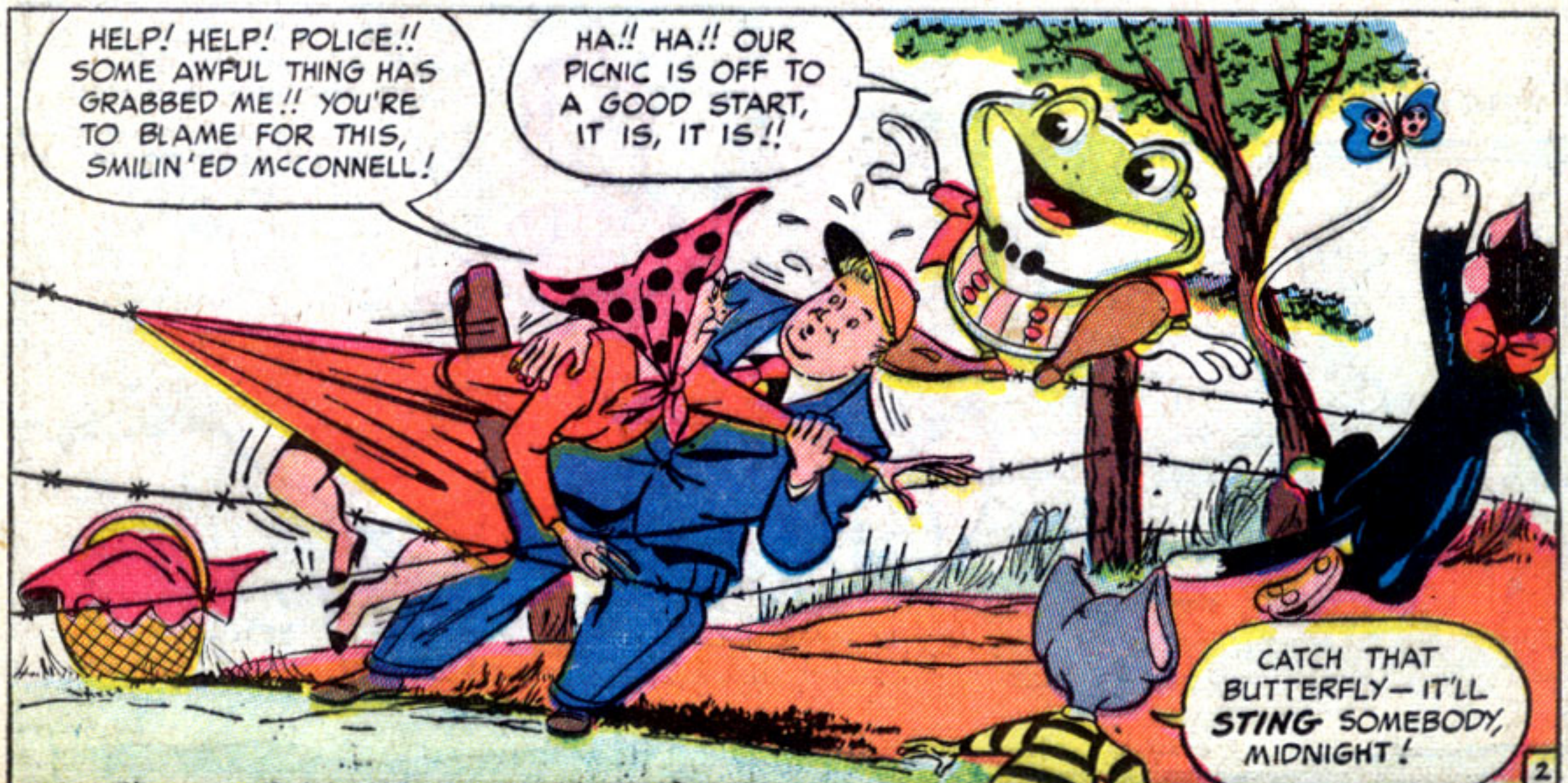
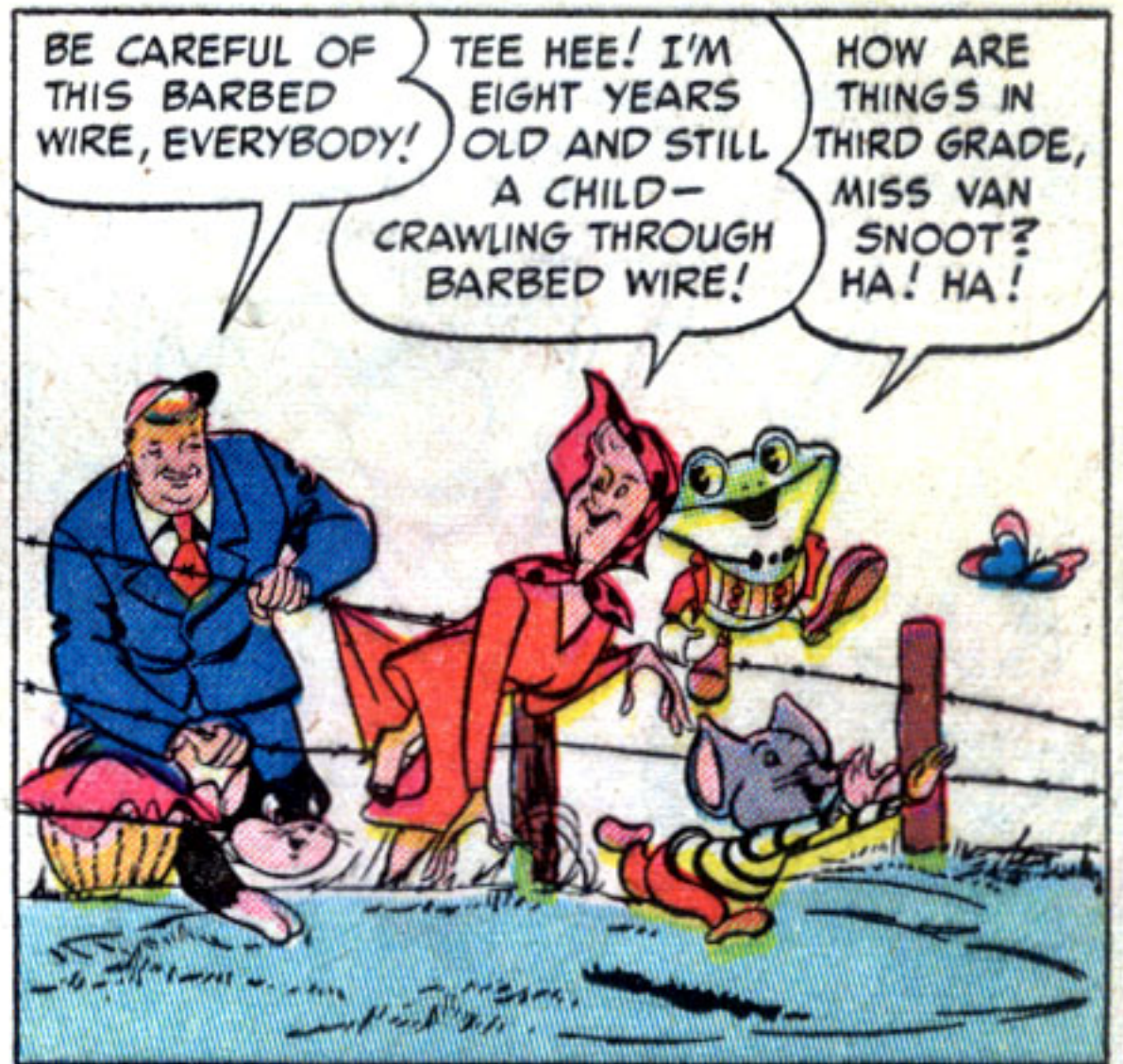
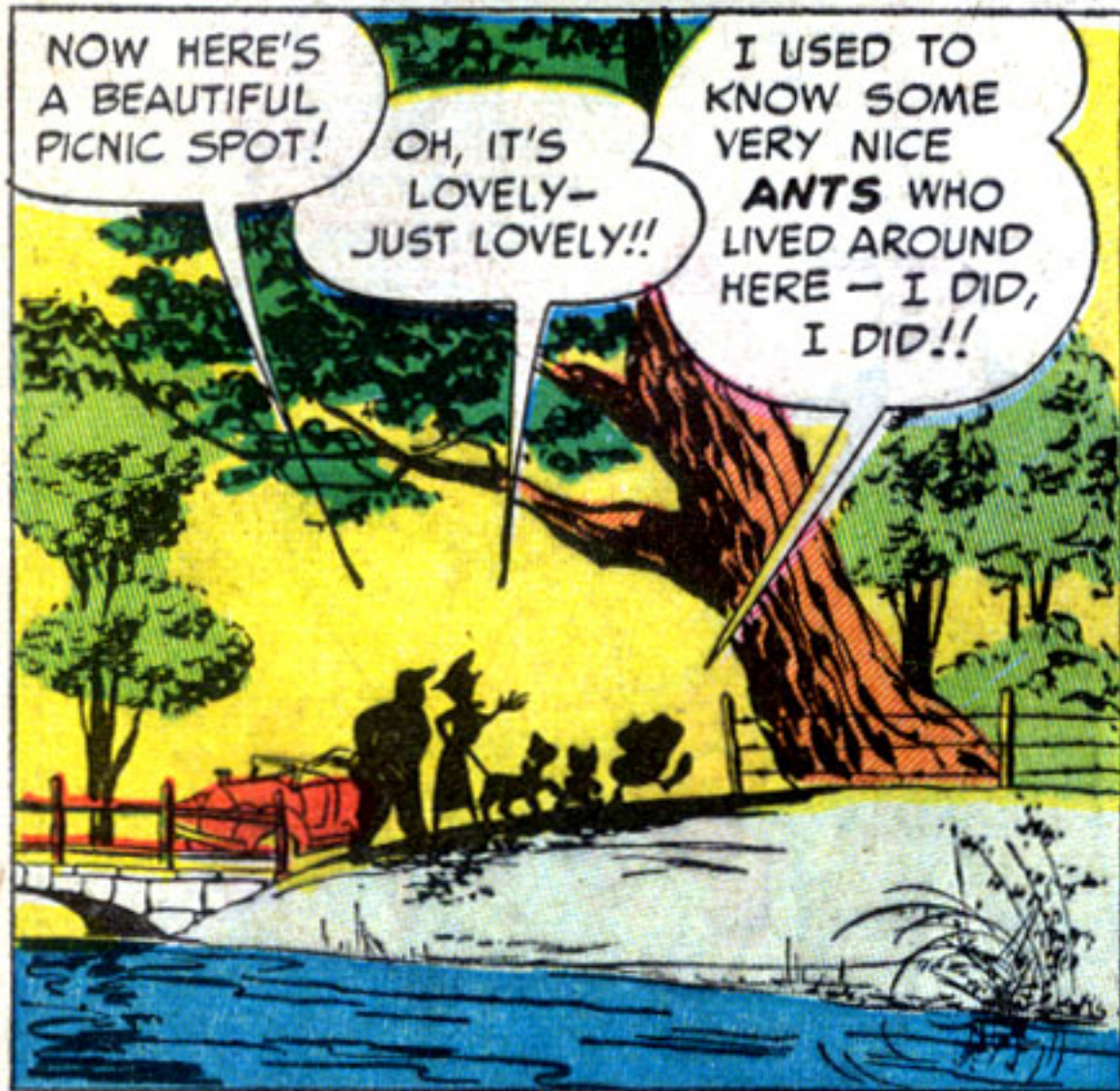
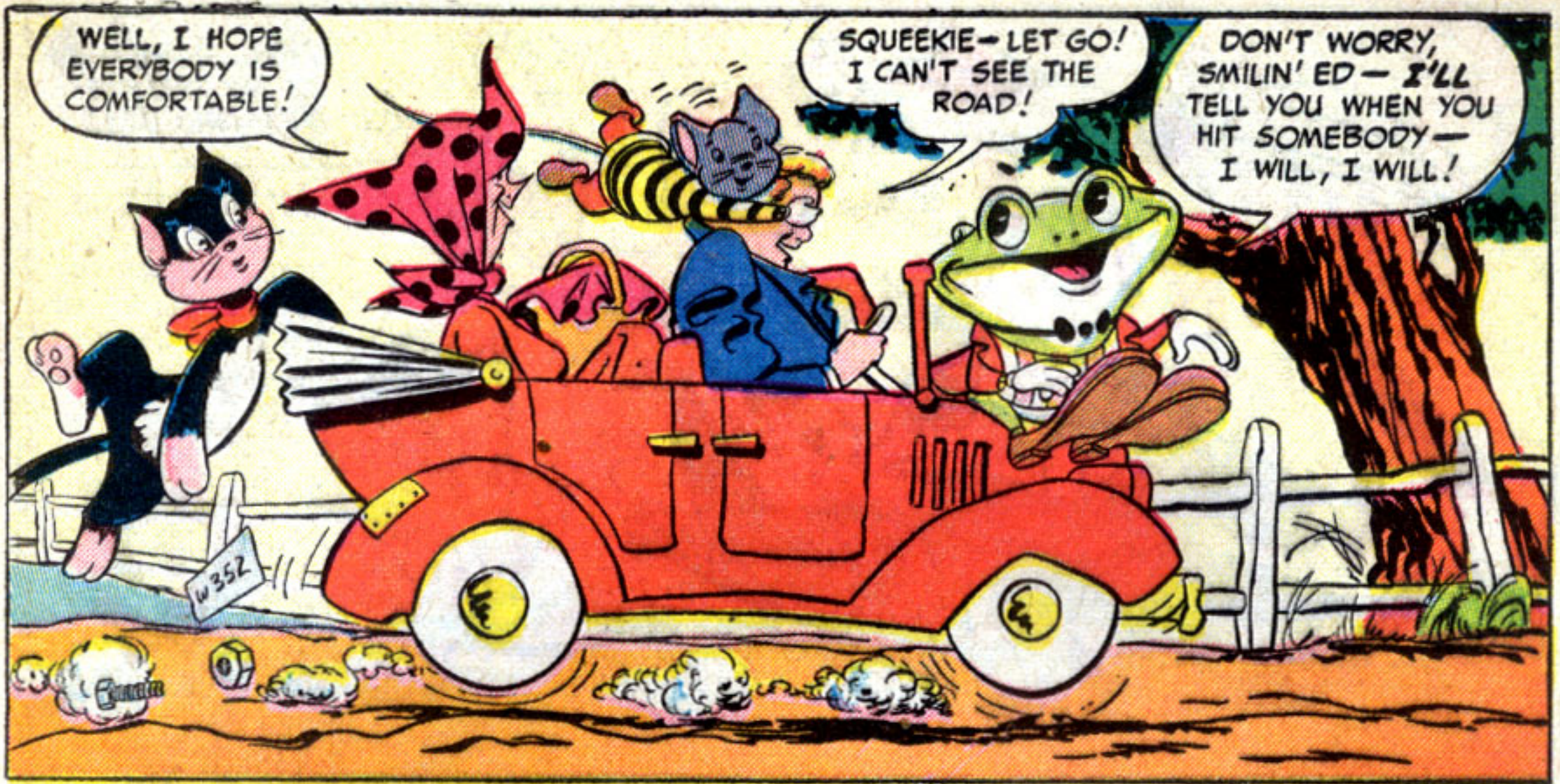
WELL, FATHER, THANKS TO SHEIK, THE BLACK-MANED LION IS DESTROYED, AND THOUGH WE FELT THE COLD HAND OF DEATH, I SUPPOSE THE HUNT WAS A SUCCESS.

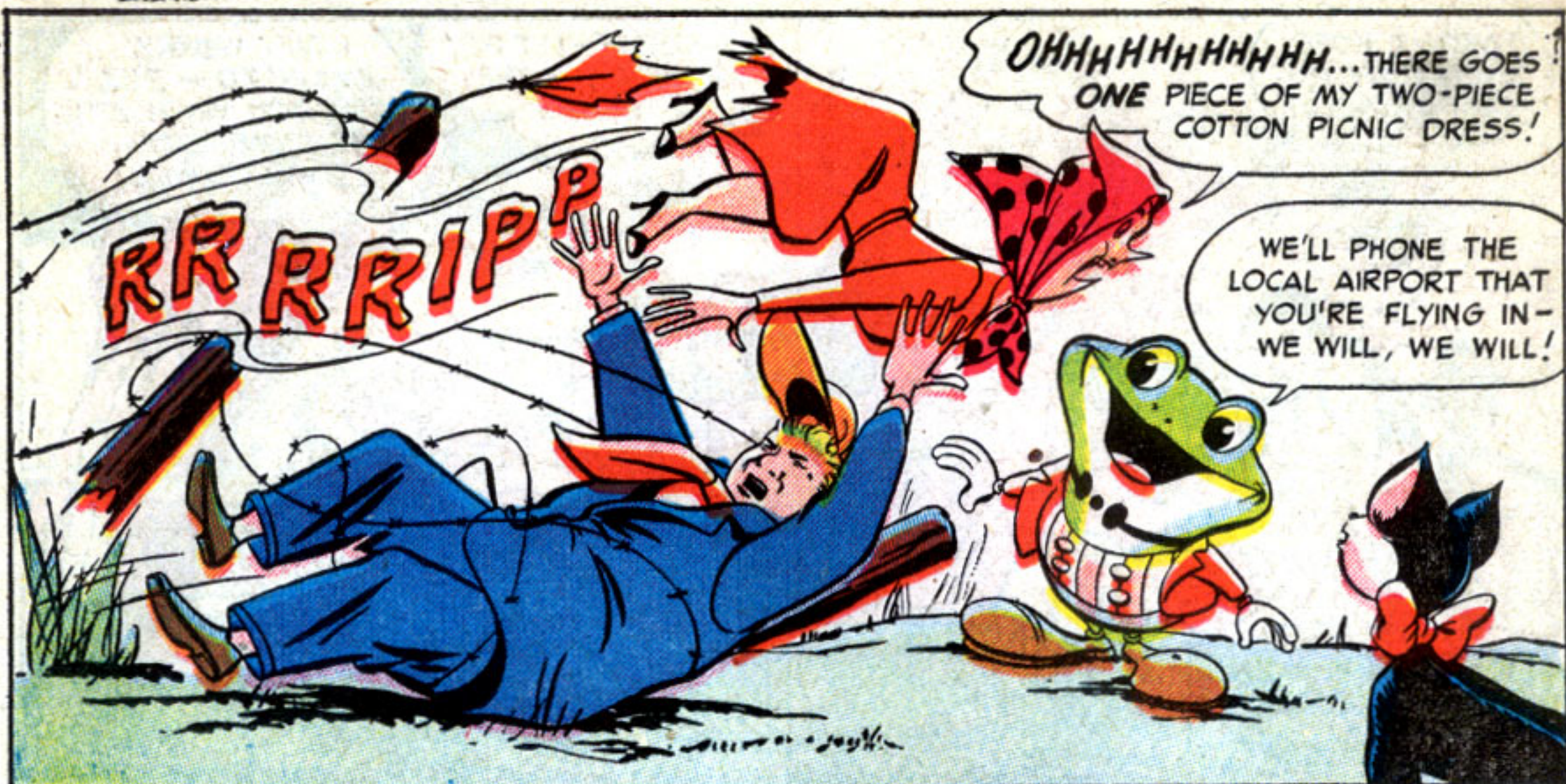


Smilin' Ed McConnell and his BUSTER BROWN GANG



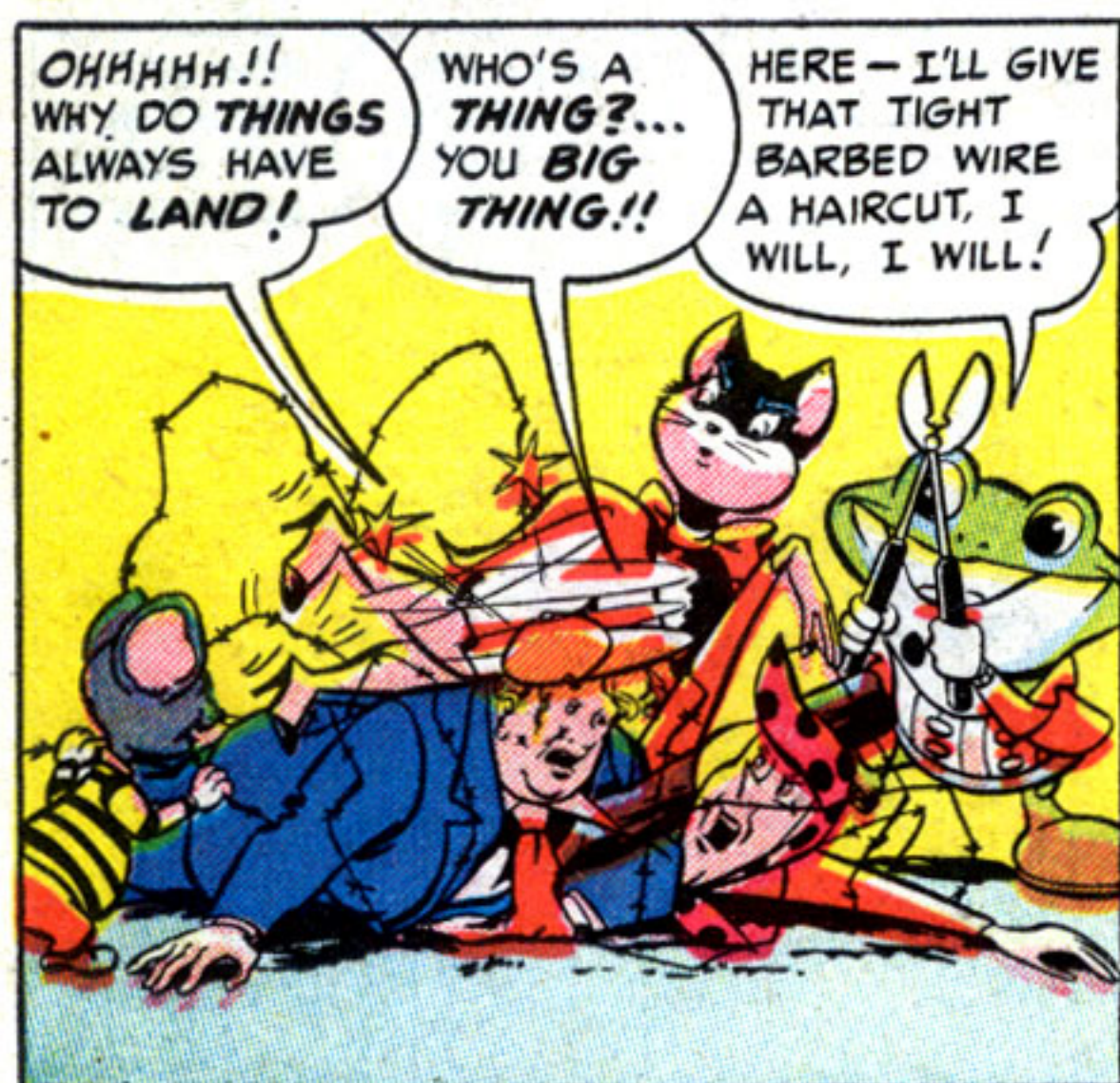
IT'S PICNIC DAY FOR SMILIN' ED AND HIS BUSTER BROWN GANG... FROGGY THE GREMLIN, SQUEEKIE THE MOUSE AND MIDNIGHT THE CAT ARE ALL READY TO GO — AND SO IS THEIR OLD FRIEND, MISS TWIDDLE VAN SNOOT.....





OH H H H H H H H H H H... THERE GOES ONE PIECE OF MY TWO-PIECE COTTON PICNIC DRESS!

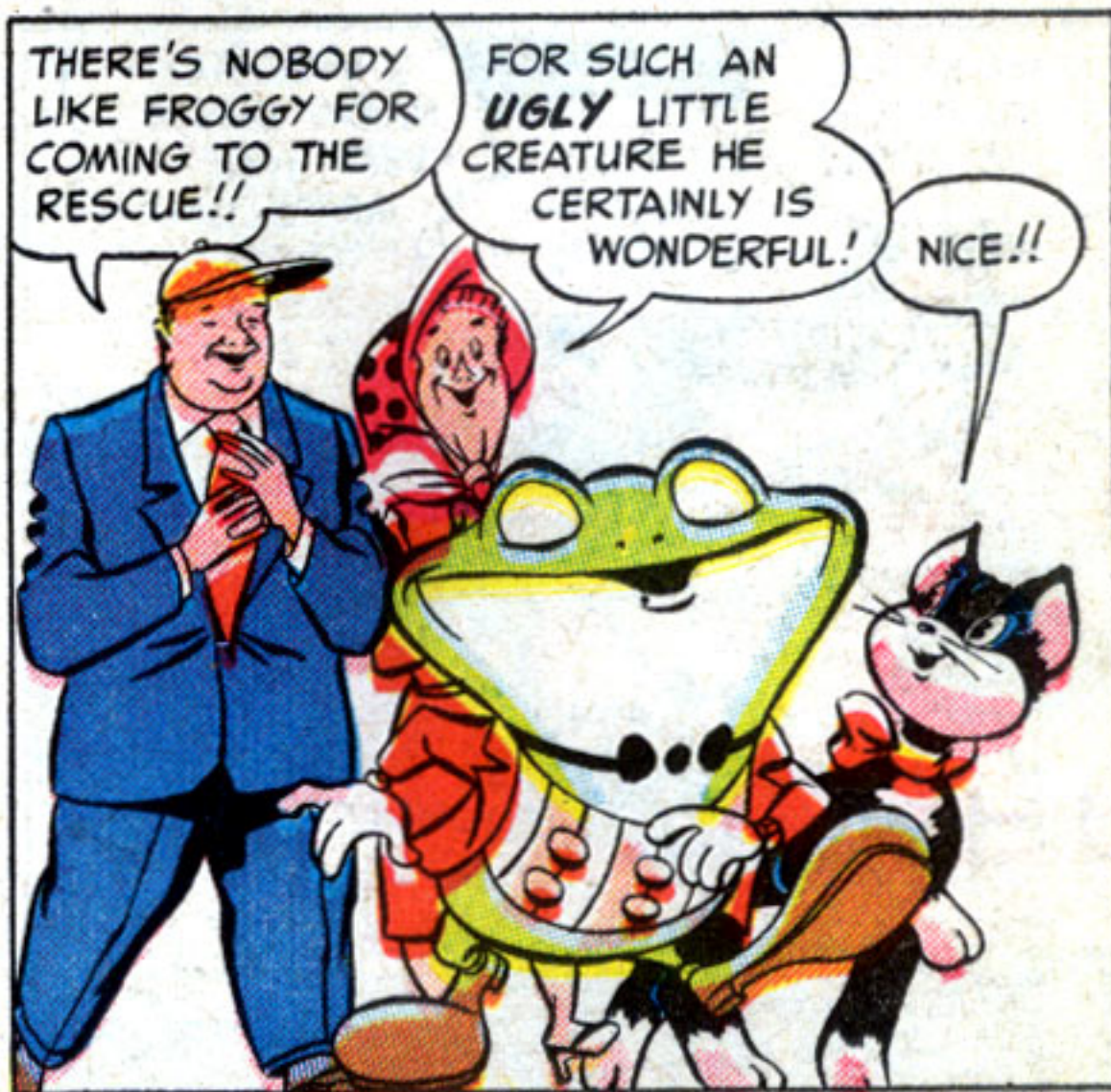
WE'LL PHONE THE LOCAL AIRPORT THAT YOU'RE FLYING IN— WE WILL, WE WILL!



OH H H H H!! WHY DO THINGS ALWAYS HAVE TO LAND!

WHO'S A **THING?**... YOU **BIG THING!!**

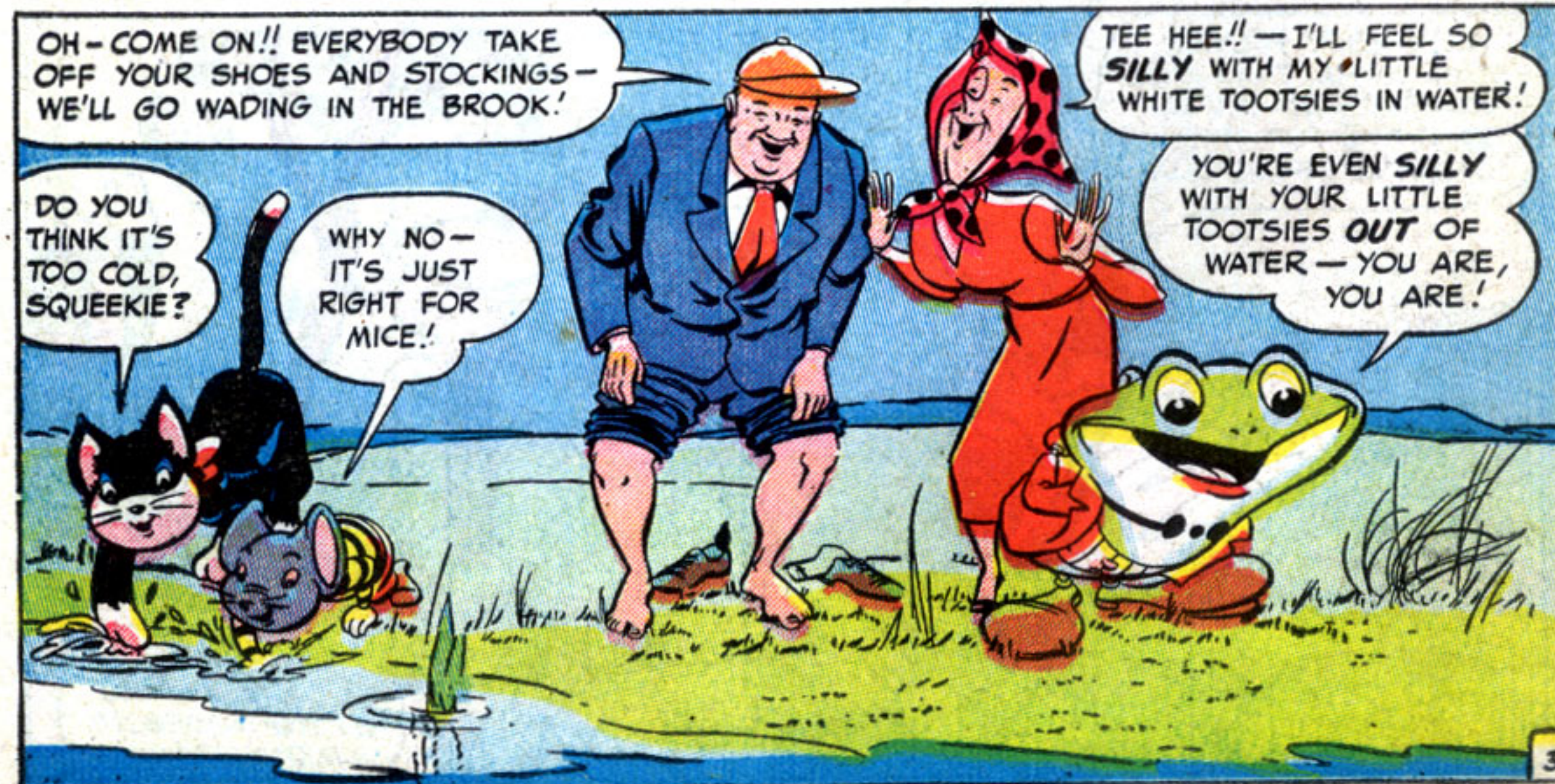
HERE— I'LL GIVE THAT TIGHT BARBED WIRE A HAIRCUT, I WILL, I WILL!



THERE'S NOBODY LIKE FROGGY FOR COMING TO THE RESCUE!!

FOR SUCH AN **UGLY** LITTLE CREATURE HE CERTAINLY IS WONDERFUL!

NICE!!



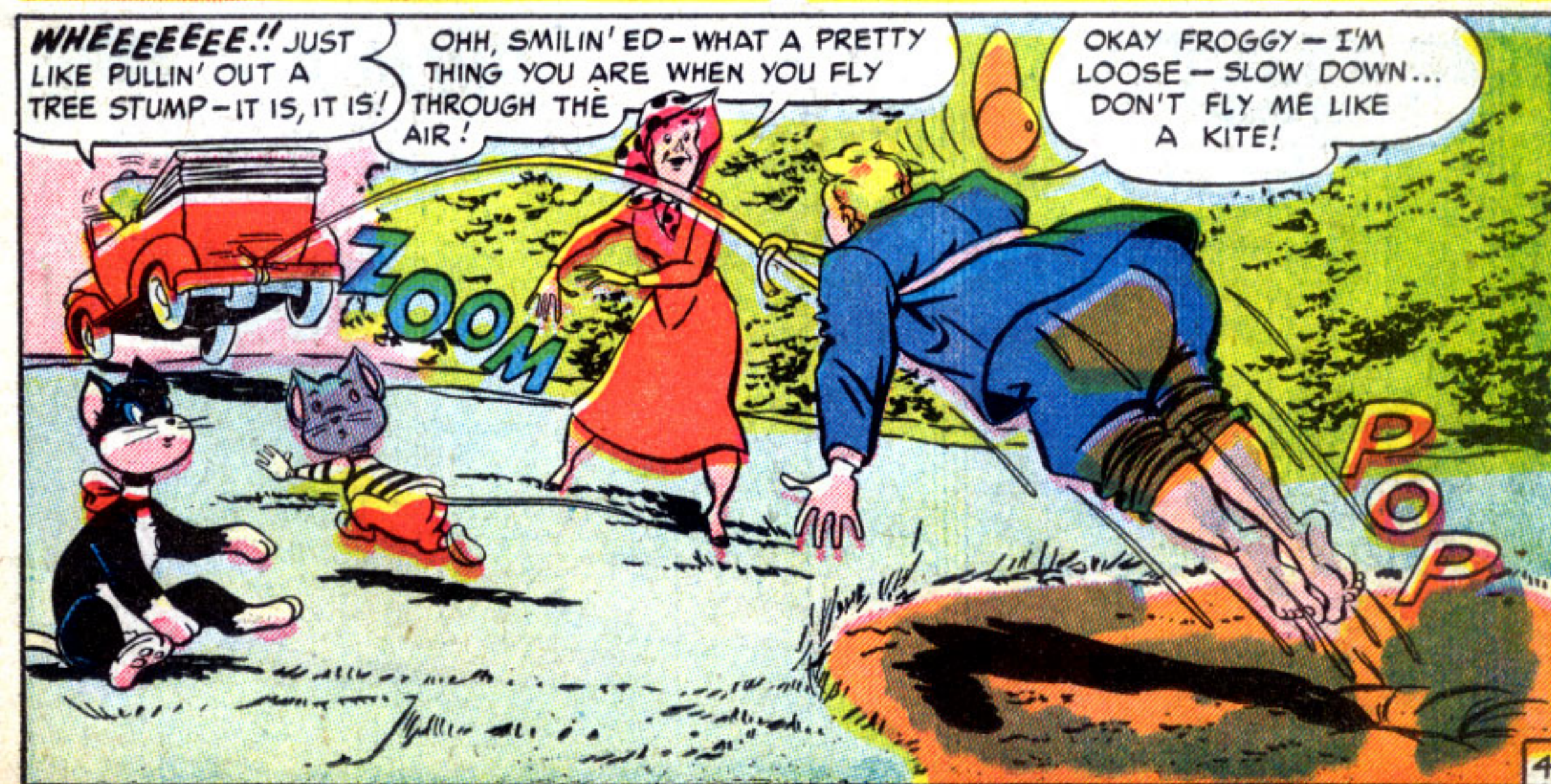
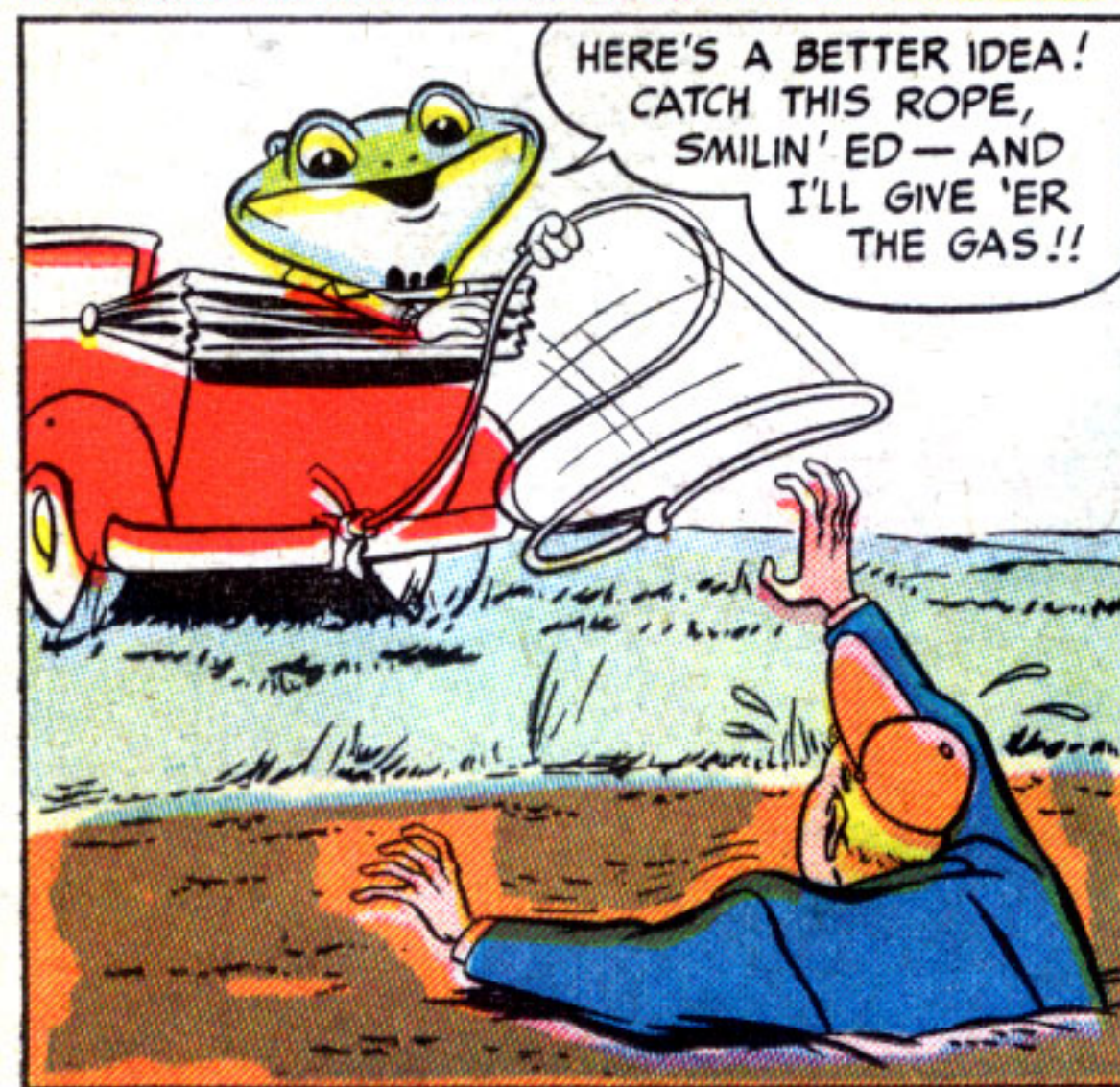
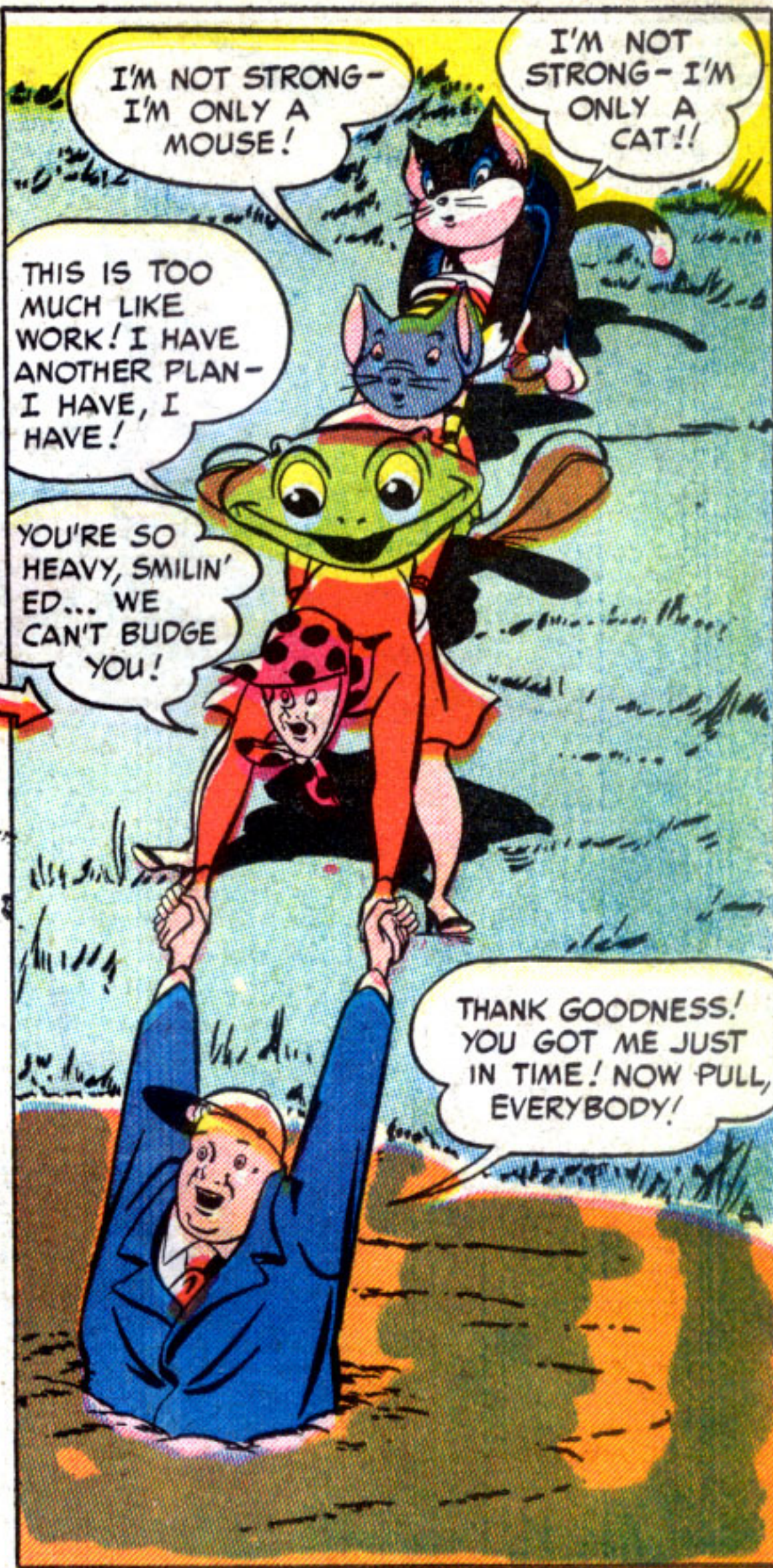
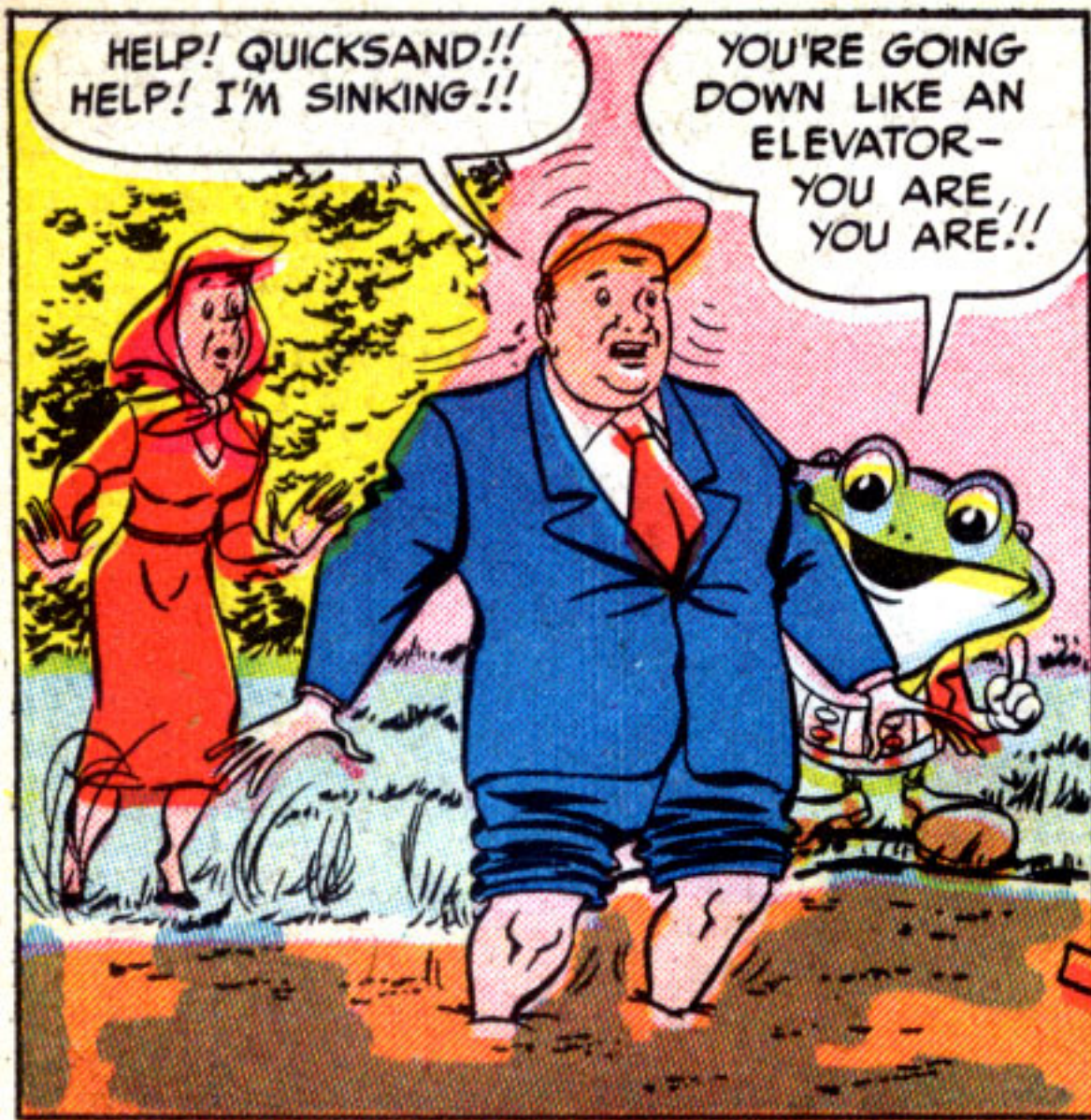
OH— COME ON!! EVERYBODY TAKE OFF YOUR SHOES AND STOCKINGS— WE'LL GO WADING IN THE BROOK!

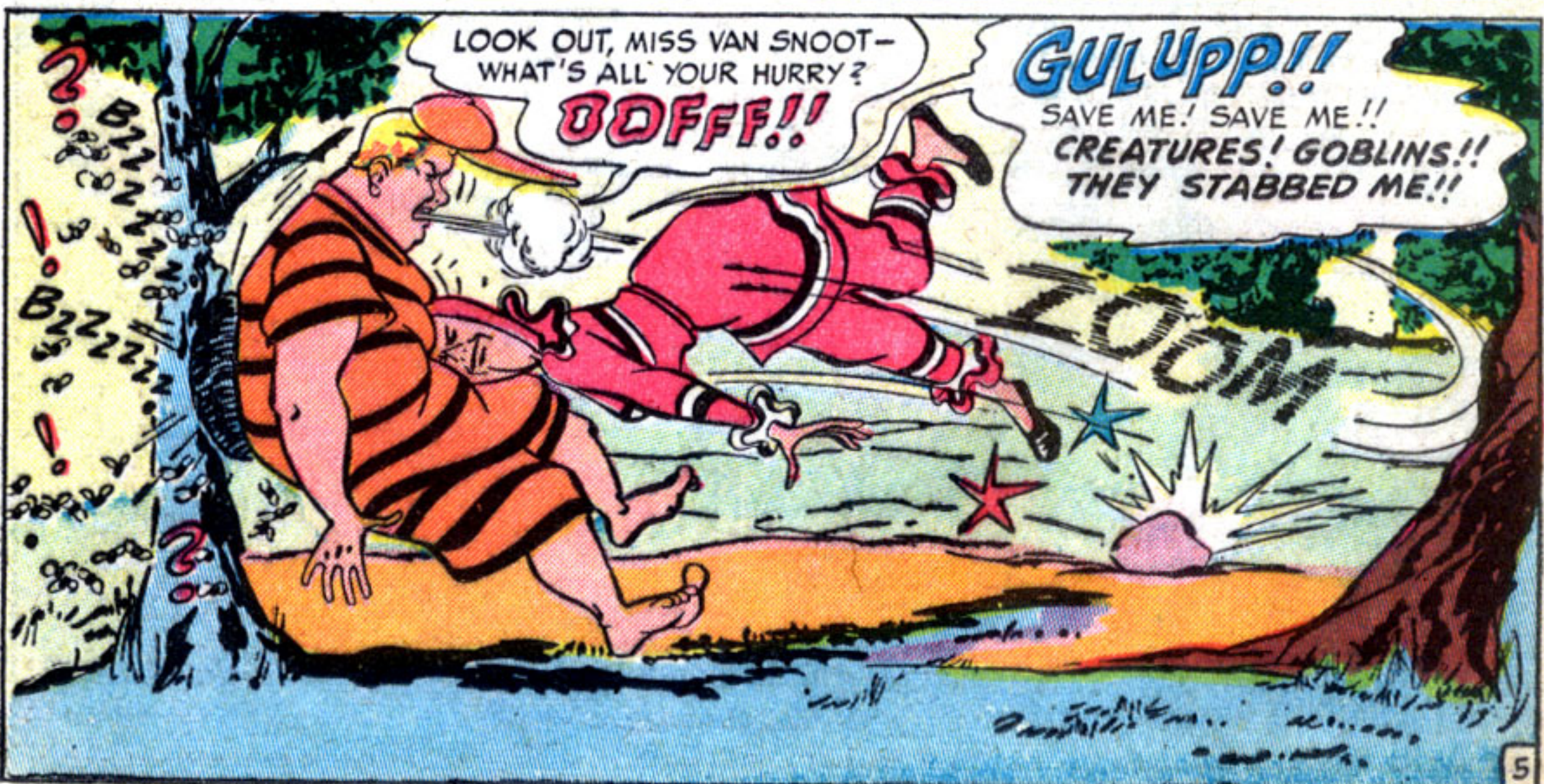
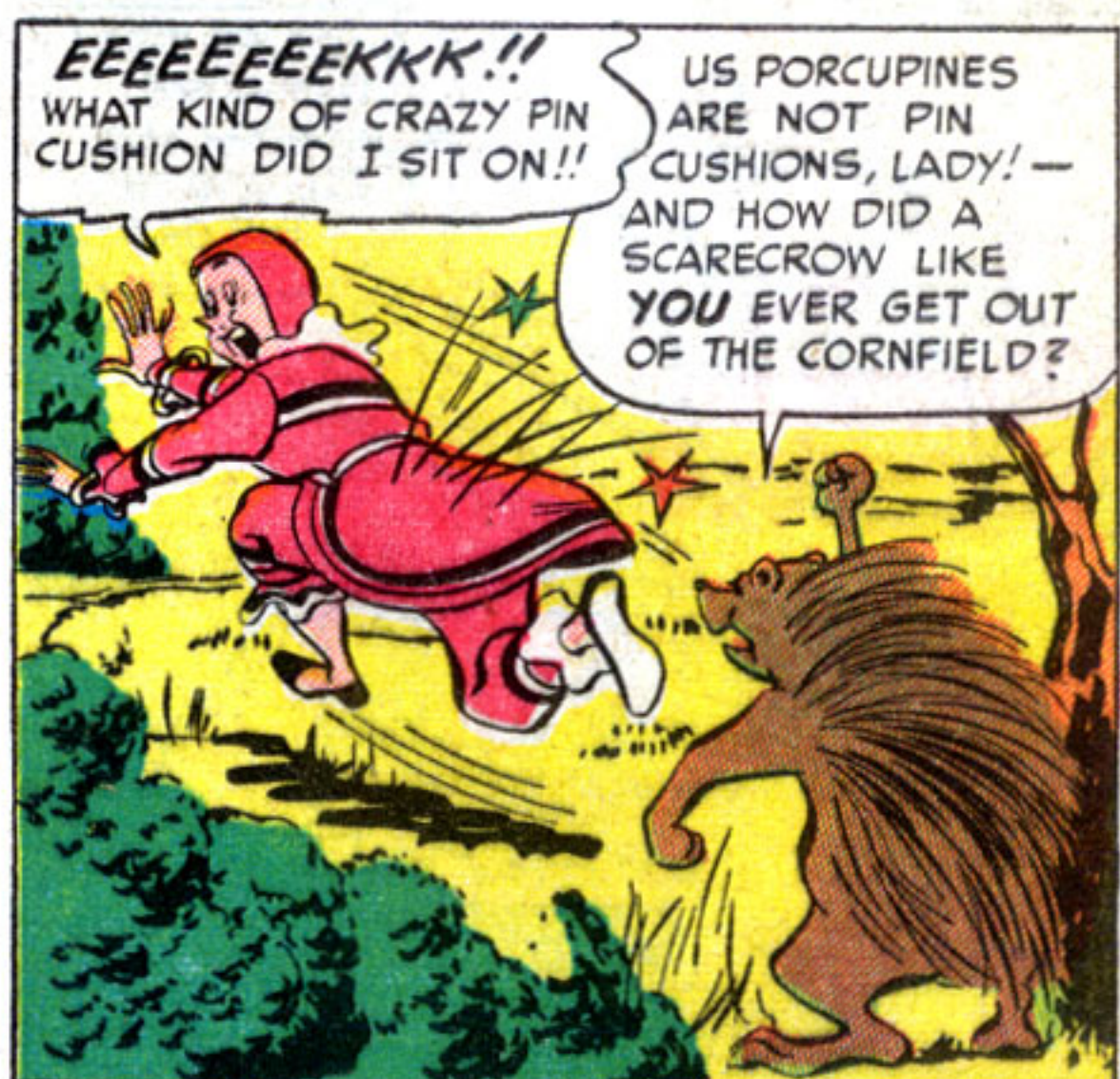
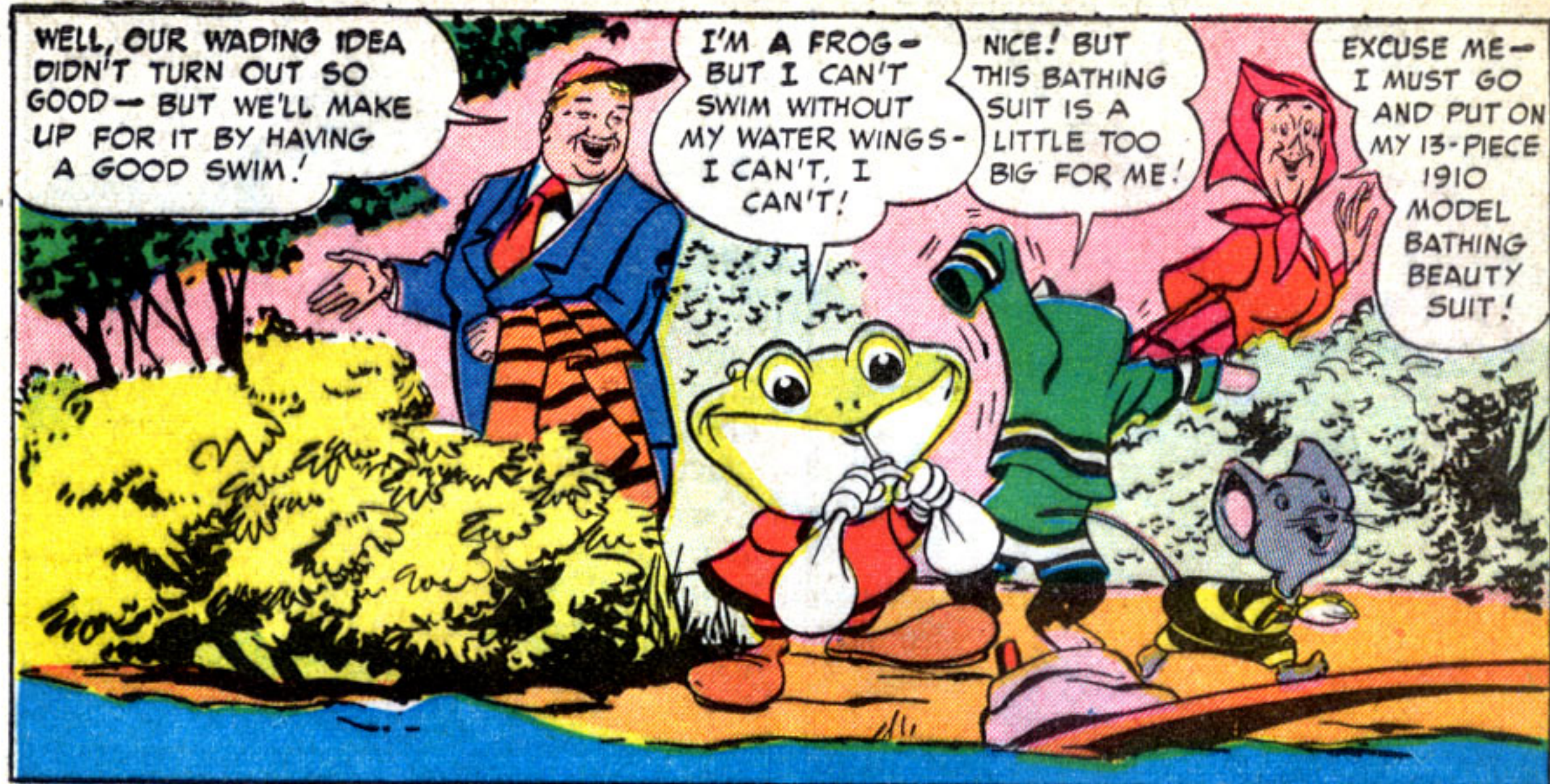
TEE HEE!! — I'LL FEEL SO **SILLY** WITH MY LITTLE WHITE TOOTSIES IN WATER!

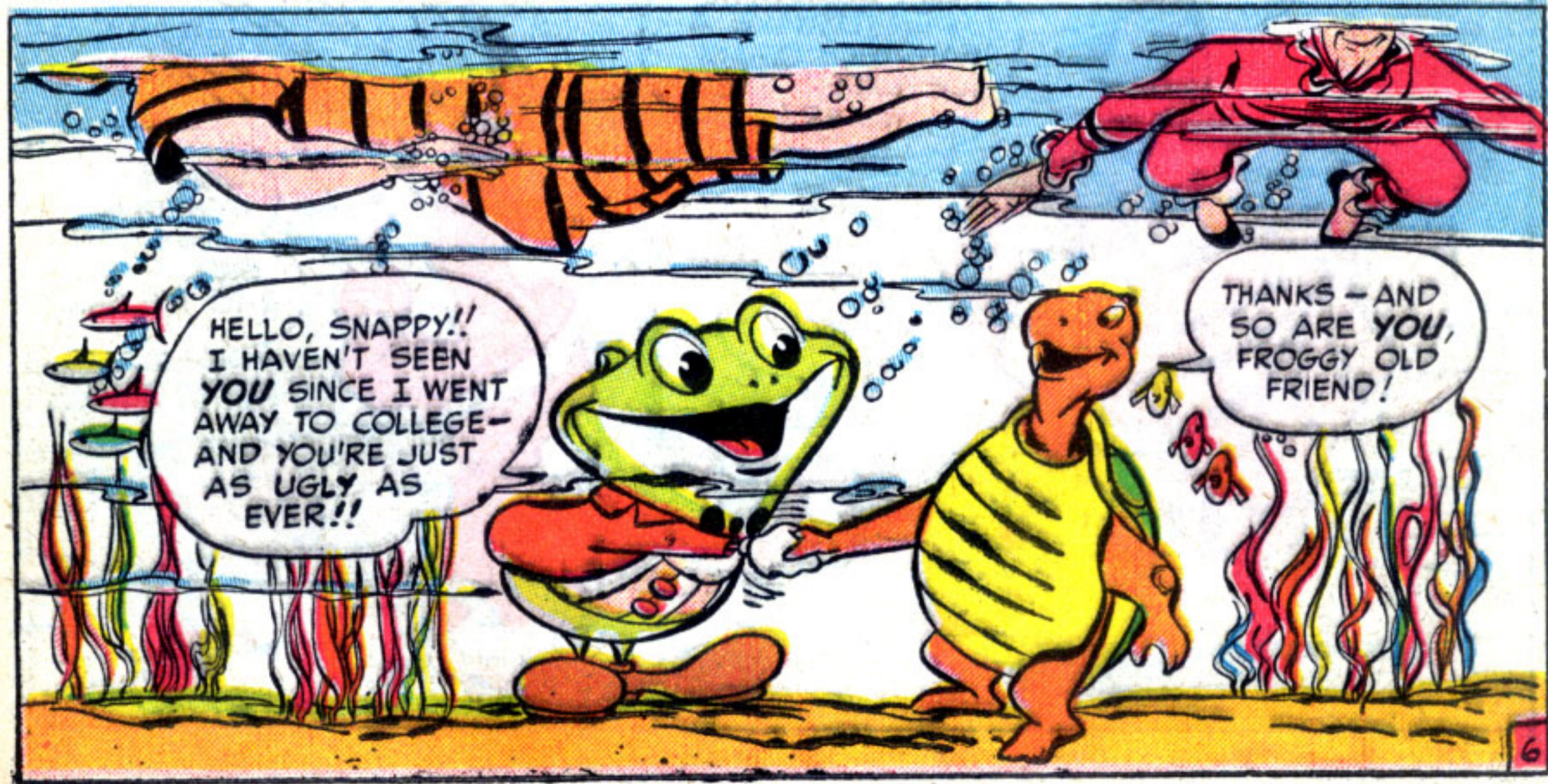
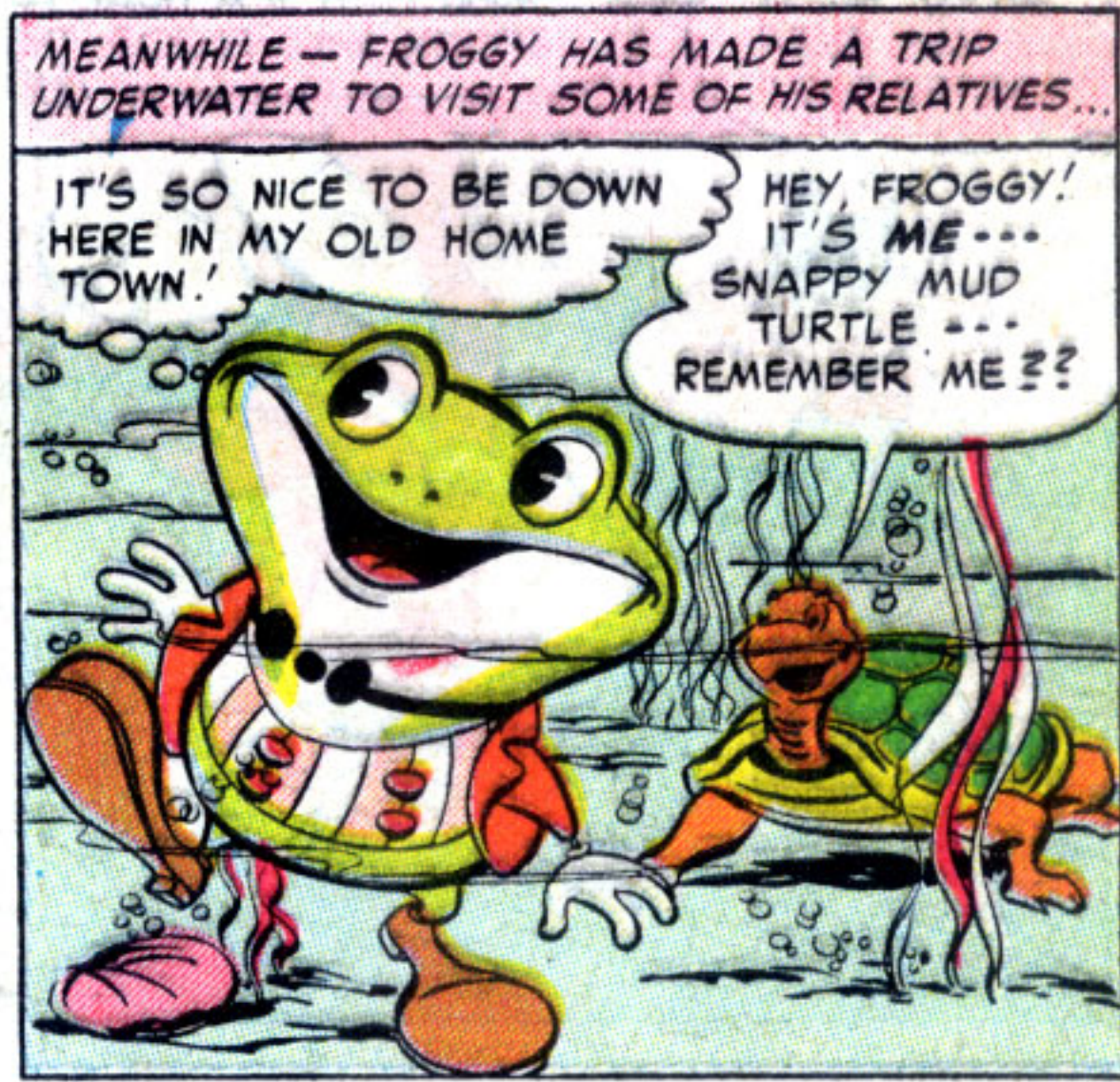
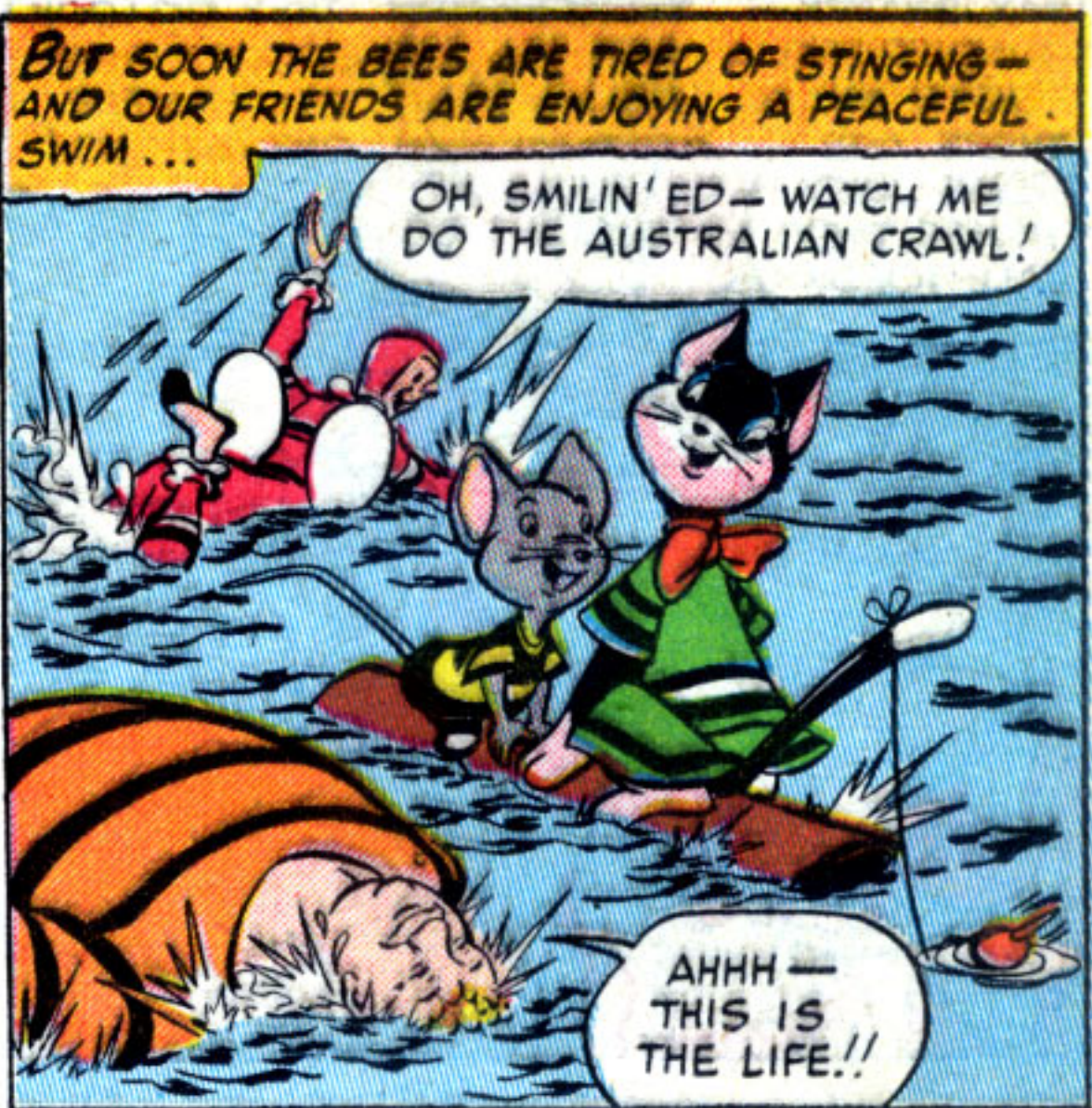
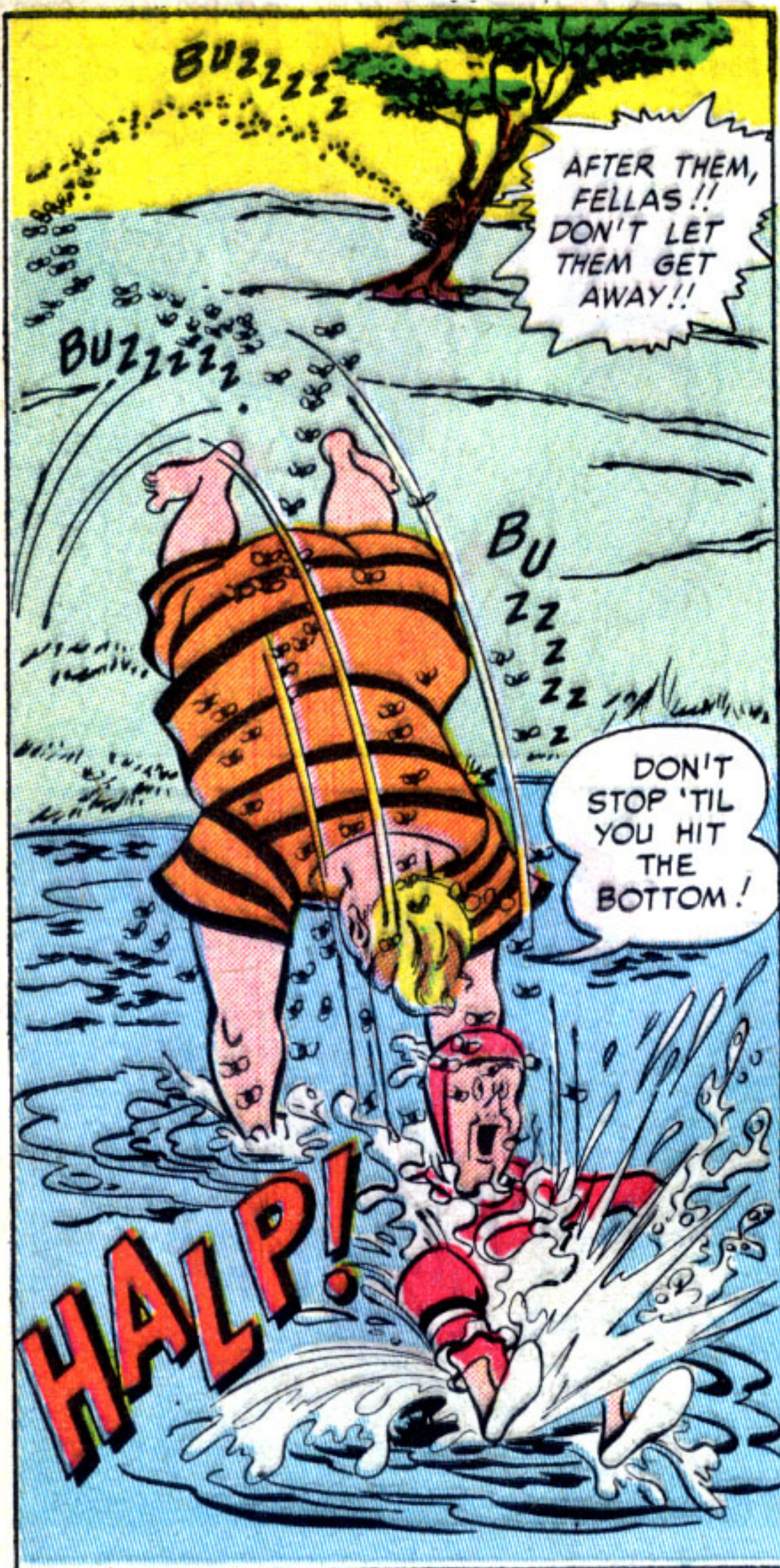
YOU'RE EVEN **SILLY** WITH YOUR LITTLE TOOTSIES **OUT** OF WATER — YOU ARE, YOU ARE!

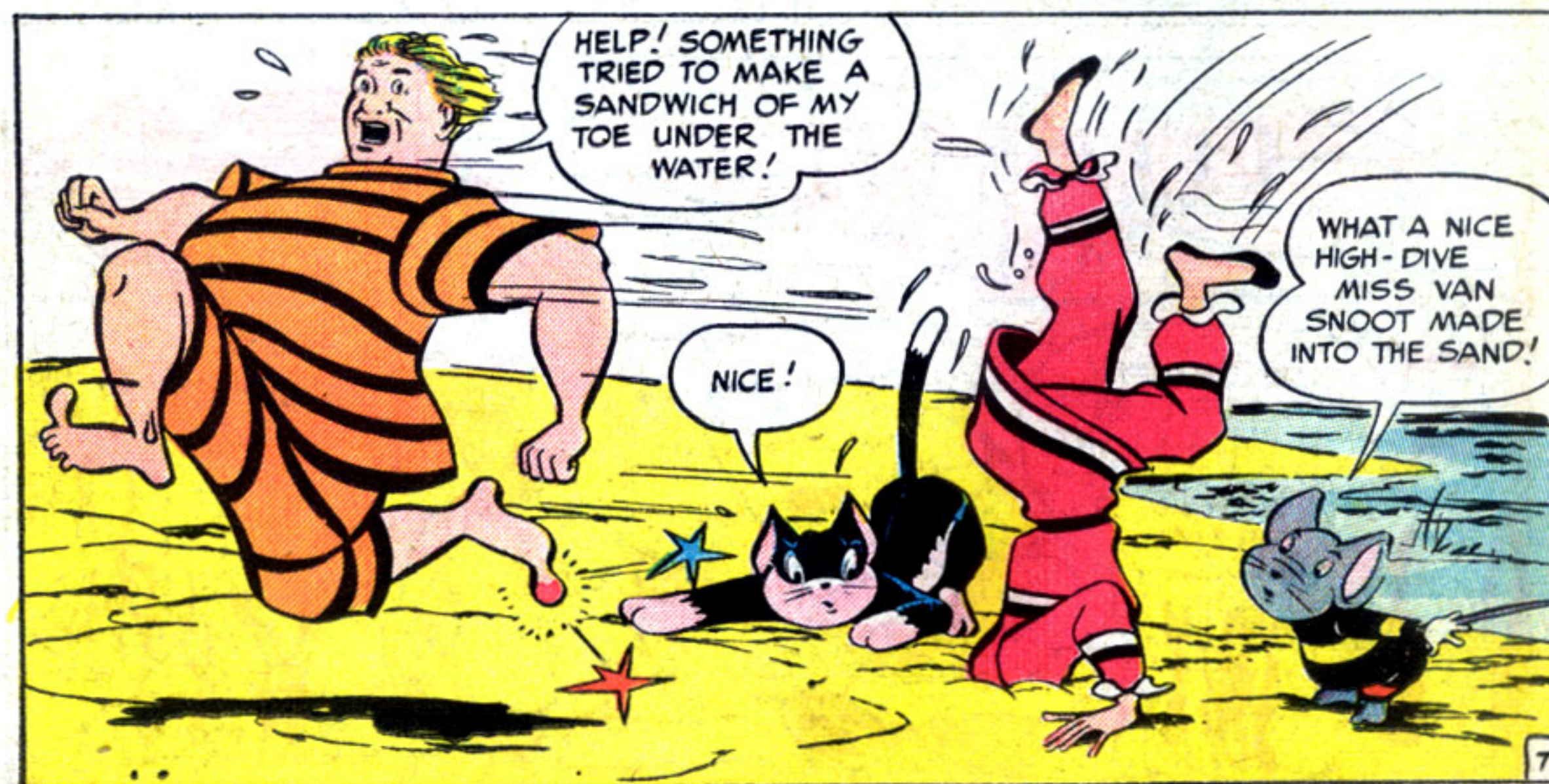
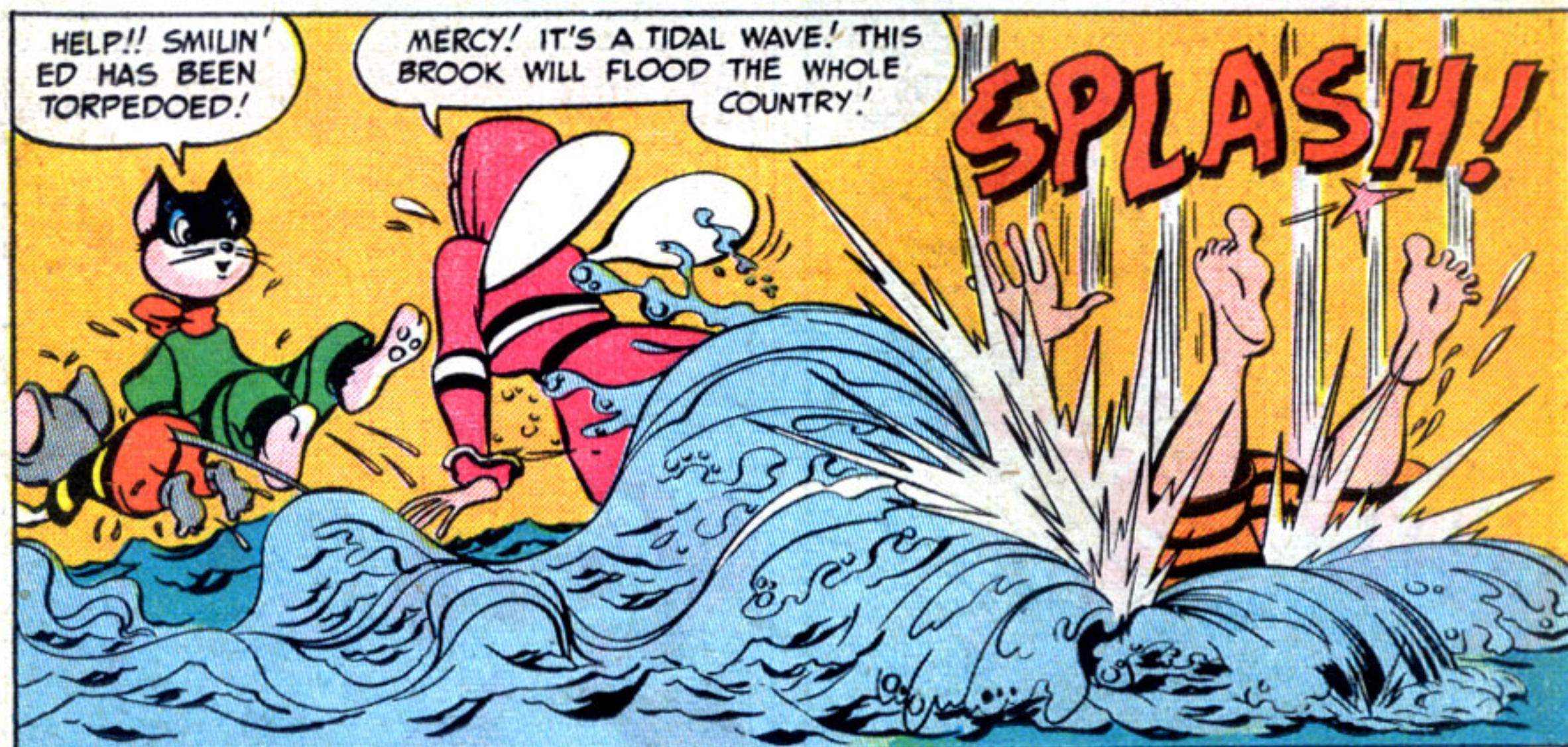
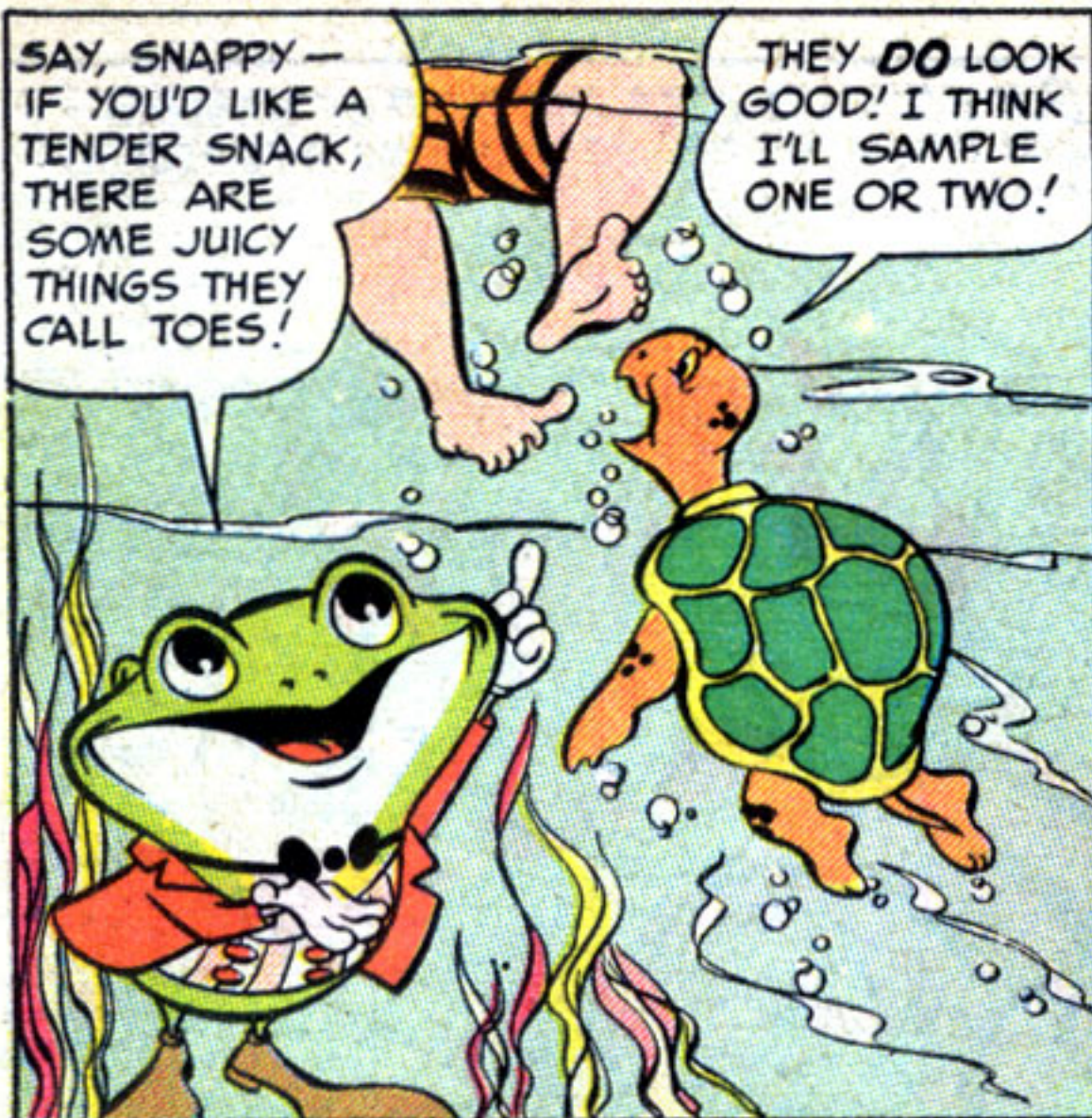
DO YOU THINK IT'S TOO COLD, SQUEEKIE?

WHY NO— IT'S JUST RIGHT FOR MICE!









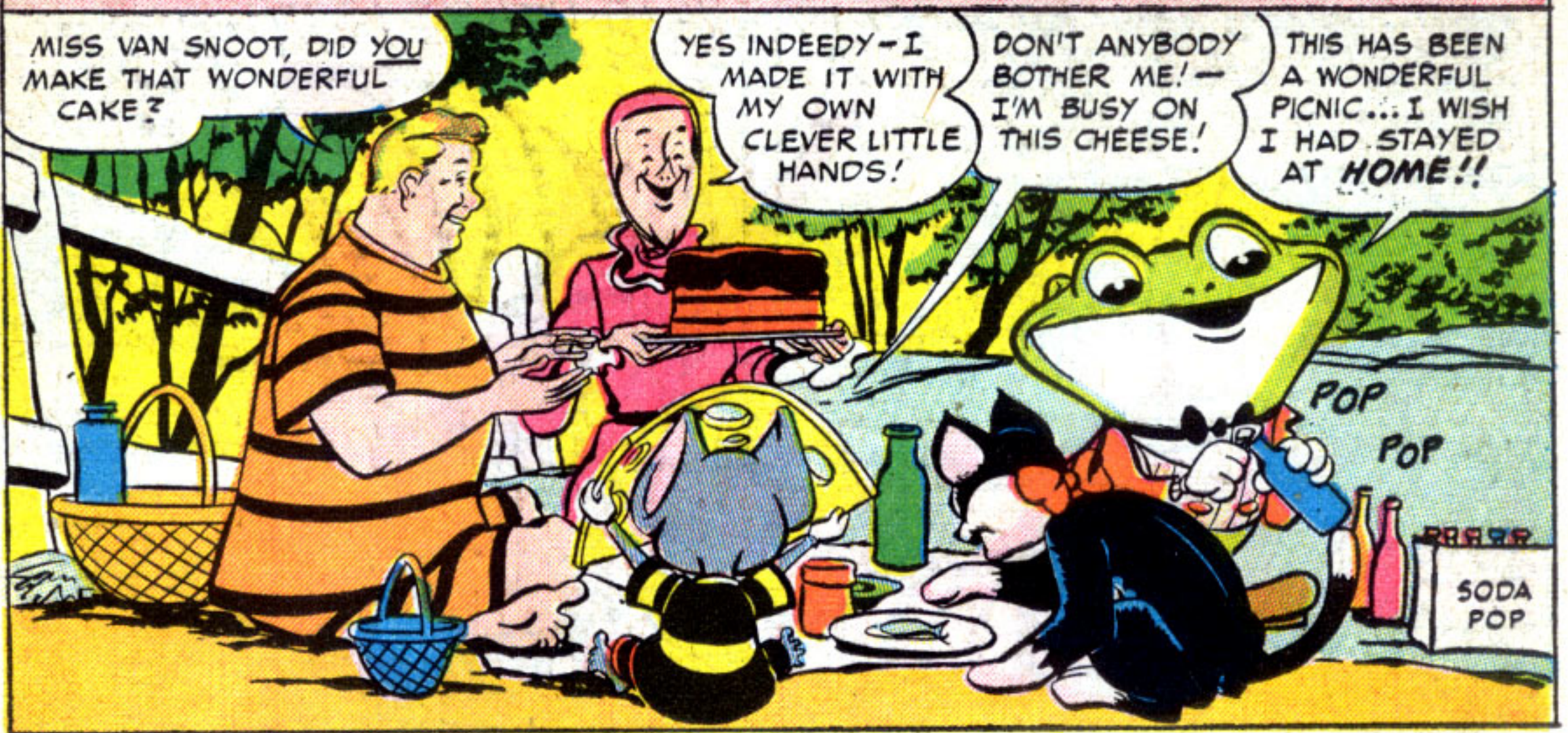
BUT ONCE AGAIN THINGS ARE QUIET, AND EVERYBODY SETTLES DOWN FOR THE PICNIC LUNCH...

MISS VAN SNOOT, DID YOU MAKE THAT WONDERFUL CAKE?

YES INDEEDY—I MADE IT WITH MY OWN CLEVER LITTLE HANDS!

DON'T ANYBODY BOTHER ME!—I'M BUSY ON THIS CHEESE!

THIS HAS BEEN A WONDERFUL PICNIC...I WISH I HAD STAYED AT HOME!!



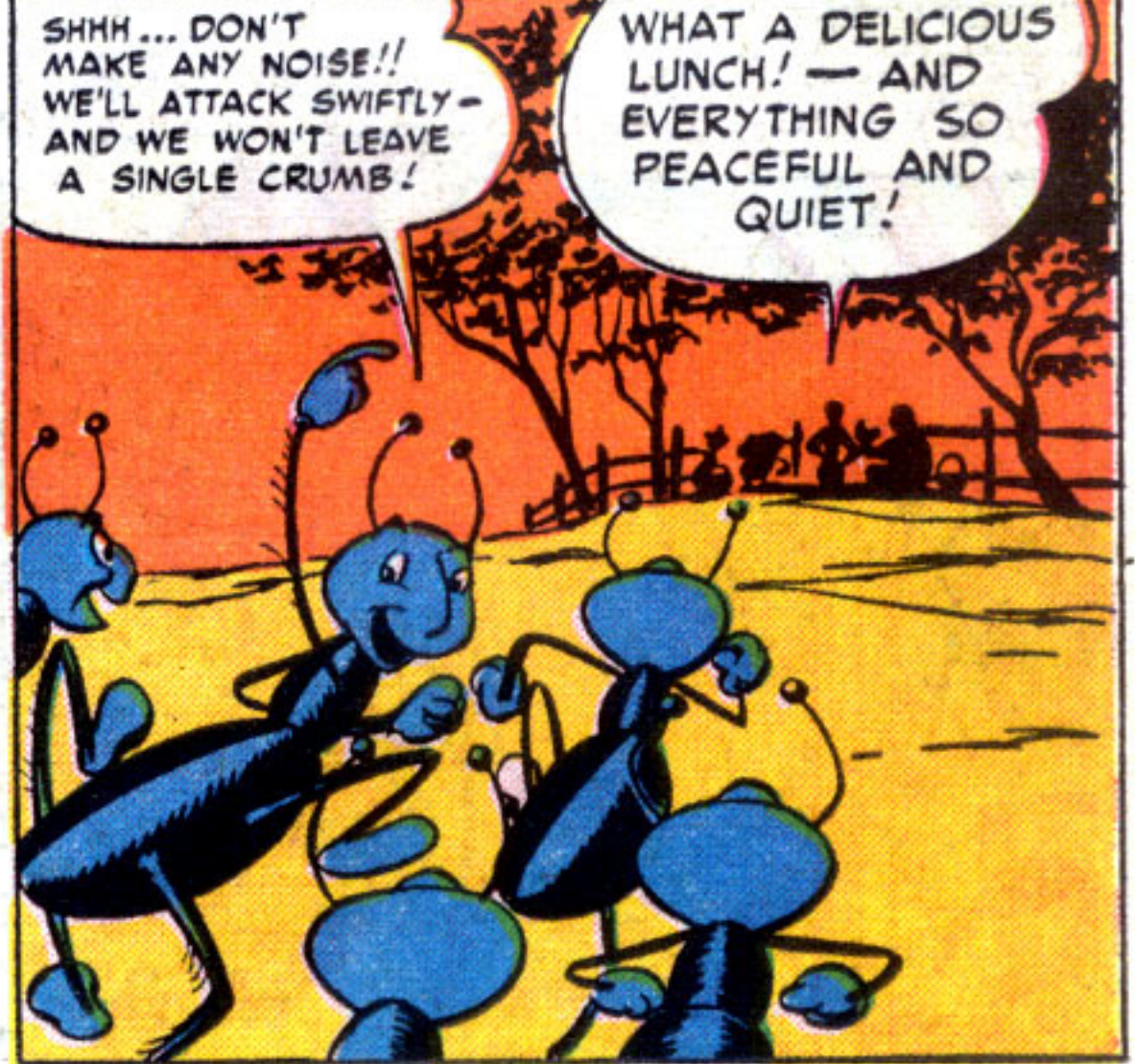
AND ON A NEARBY ANT-HILL, TWO SENTRIES SPY THE HAPPY PICNIC PARTY...

FOOD!
TONS OF IT!!
CALL THE GANG!!



SHHH... DON'T MAKE ANY NOISE!! WE'LL ATTACK SWIFTLY—AND WE WON'T LEAVE A SINGLE CRUMB!

WHAT A DELICIOUS LUNCH!—AND EVERYTHING SO PEACEFUL AND QUIET!



HELP! MY CAKE IS ON LEGS—IT'S WALKING AWAY!!

THERE GOES MY LIVERWURST SANDWICH!

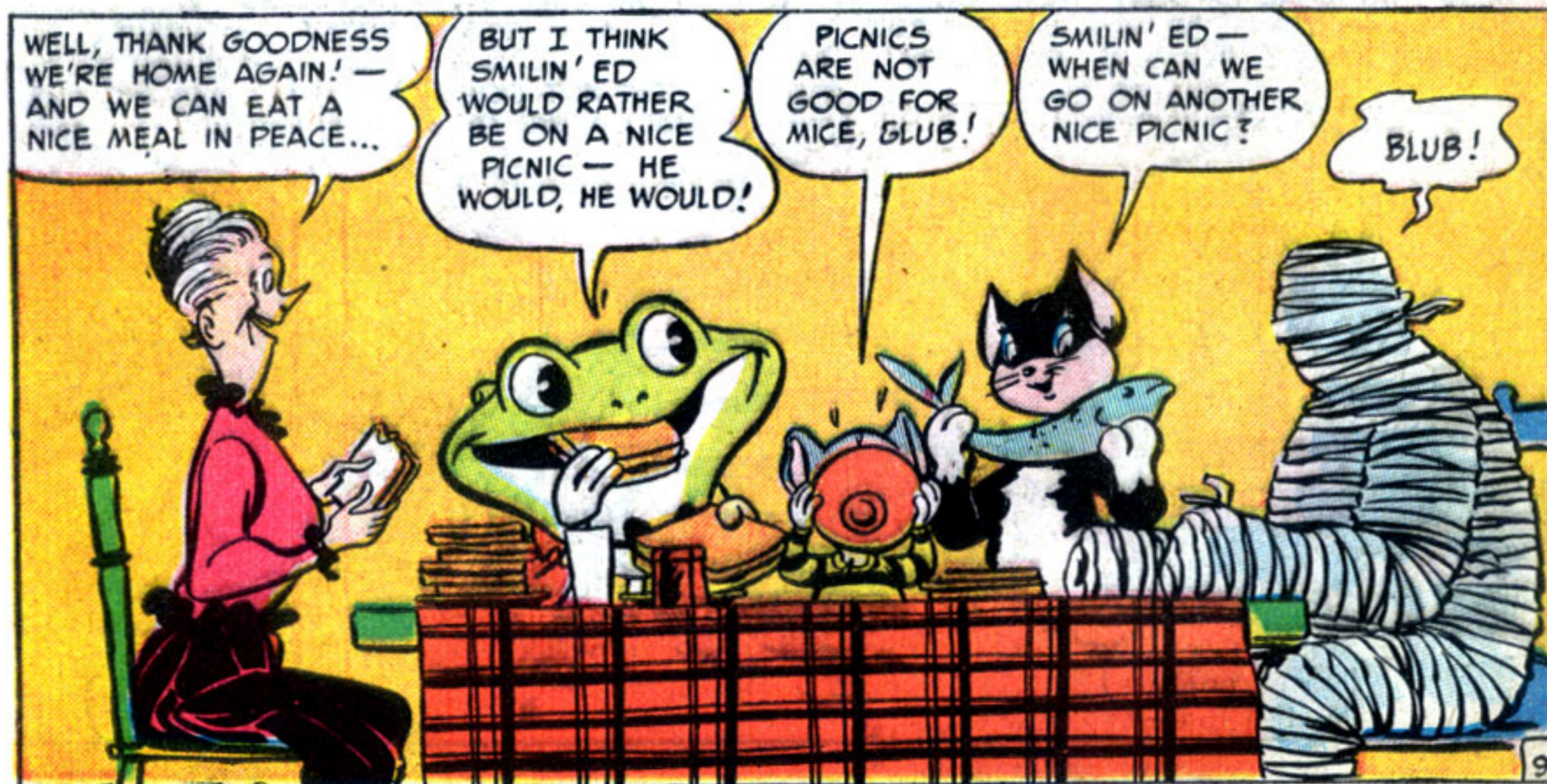
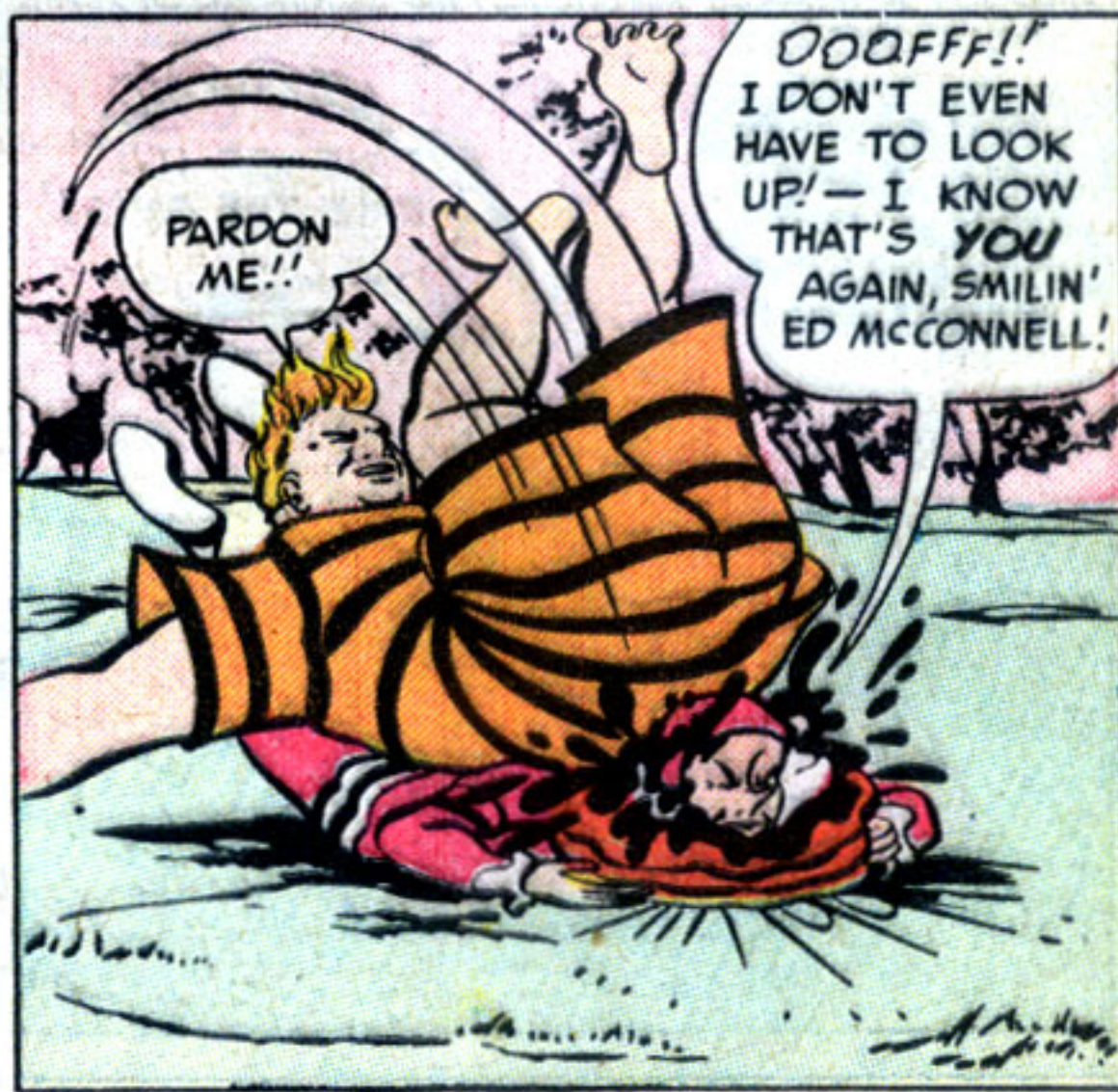
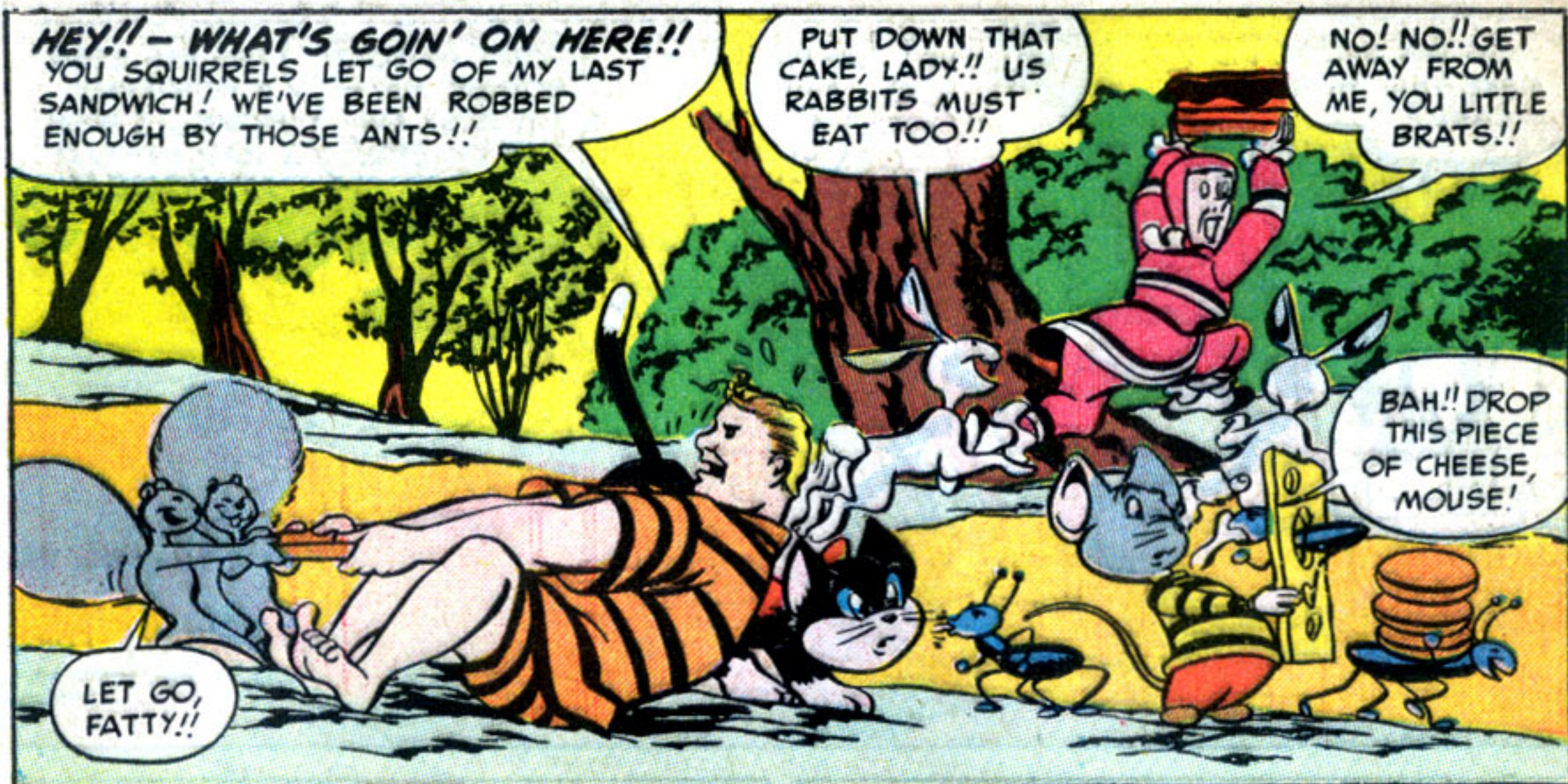
MY CHEESE!!—IT'S GOING A MILE-A-MINUTE!

THE HOT DOGS ARE SAILING OFF!



HEAD FOR THE TALL TIMBER, BOYS!

THIS IS BETTER THAN THE LAST PICNIC!



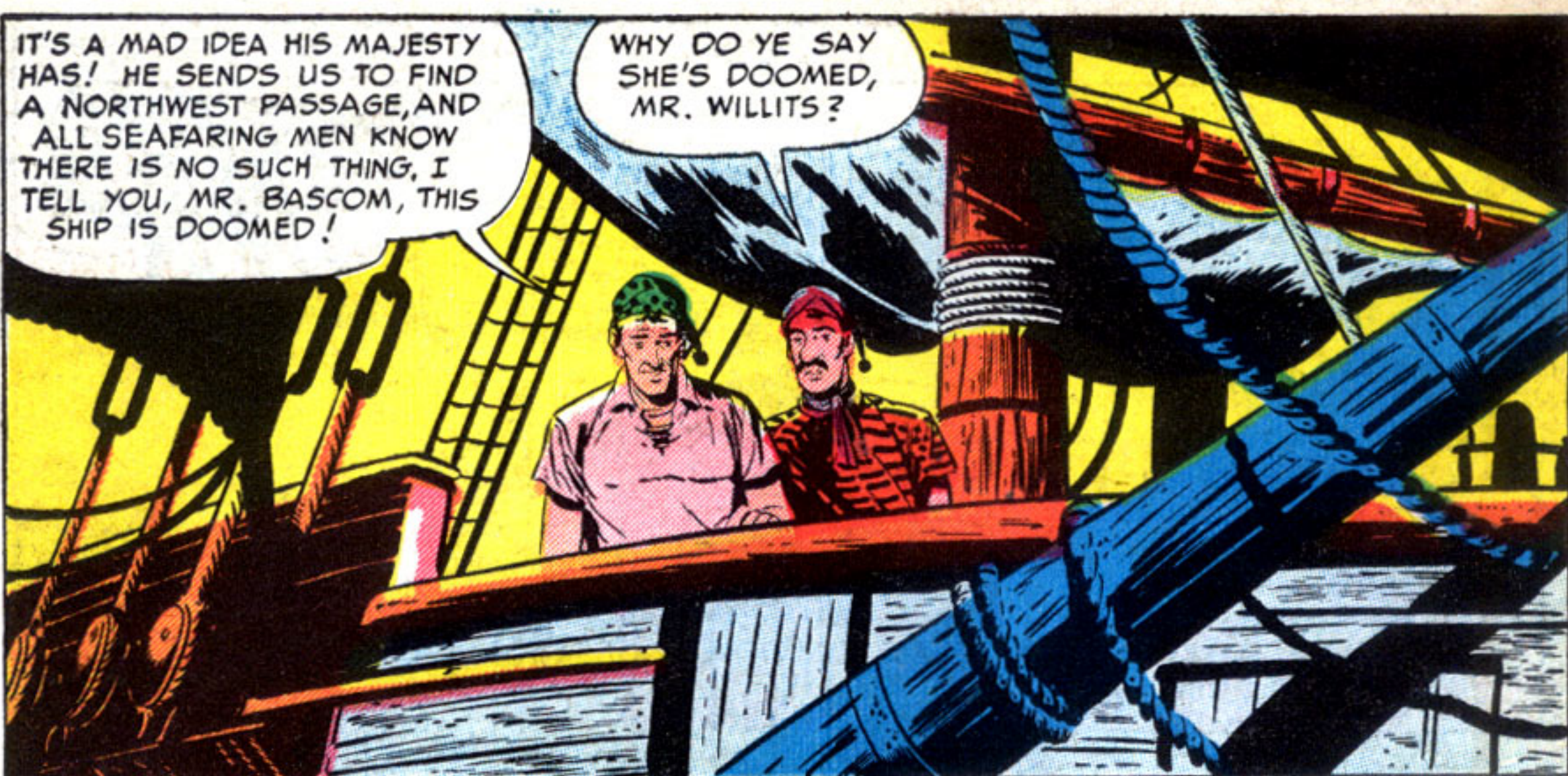
The GHOST SHIP

IT IS AN ENGLISH SEAPORT IN THE YEAR 1820. LYING AT ANCHOR AND AWAITING ITS NEXT SAILING IS HIS MAJESTY'S BIG ARMED MERCHANTMAN, *H.M.S. ADRIANNE*... AND STANDING ON THE ADRIANNE'S AFTERDECK ARE THE SMALL FIGURES OF FIRST MATE, WILLIAM WILLITS, AND SECOND MATE, HARVEY BASCOM. IN WORRIED TONES THEY DISCUSS THEIR FORTHCOMING VOYAGE...



IT'S A MAD IDEA HIS MAJESTY HAS! HE SENDS US TO FIND A NORTHWEST PASSAGE, AND ALL SEAFARING MEN KNOW THERE IS NO SUCH THING, I TELL YOU, MR. BASCOM, THIS SHIP IS DOOMED!

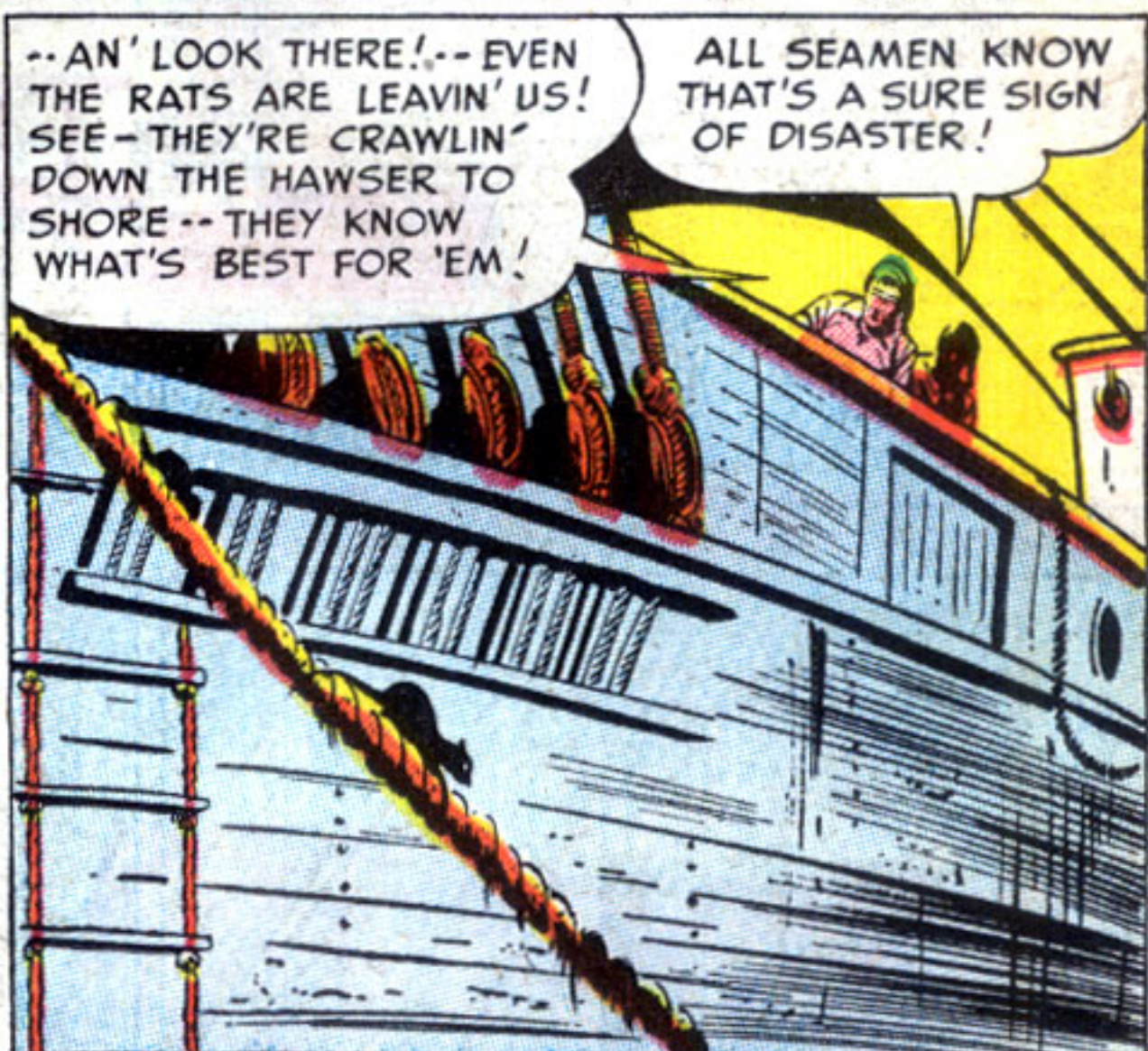
WHY DO YE SAY SHE'S DOOMED, MR. WILLITS?



I SAY SHE'S DOOMED BECAUSE YESTERDAY WE HAD A BLOOD-RED SUN WHEN IT SET. AND WE'RE SET TO SAIL ON FRIDAY-- A BAD DAY TO START A VOYAGE! D'YE SEE WHAT I MEAN?--



-- AN' LOOK THERE!-- EVEN THE RATS ARE LEAVIN' US! SEE-- THEY'RE CRAWLIN' DOWN THE HAWSER TO SHORE -- THEY KNOW WHAT'S BEST FOR 'EM!



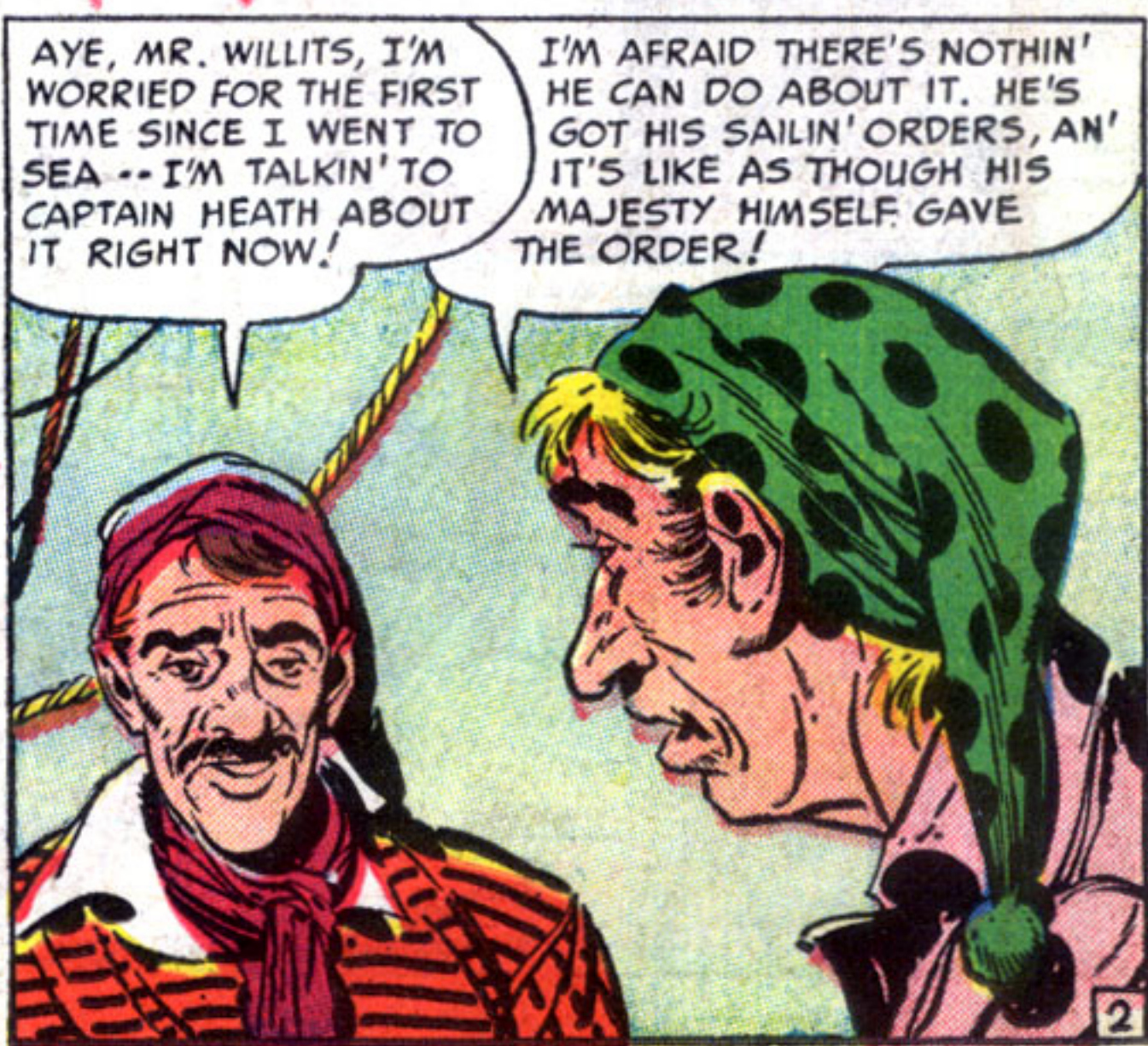
ALL SEAMEN KNOW THAT'S A SURE SIGN OF DISASTER!

YES... THE LEGENDS OF THE SEA CLEARLY TELL OF HOW THE WISE RATS ALWAYS KNOW ENOUGH TO DESERT A SHIP IN DANGER. AND THE DOOM OF COUNTLESS ILL-FATED SHIPS HAS BEEN FORETOLD BY THE MASS DESERTION OF THE RODENTS AS THEY SCAMPERED DOWN THE HAWSERS JUST BEFORE SAILING.



AYE, MR. WILLITS, I'M WORRIED FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE I WENT TO SEA -- I'M TALKIN' TO CAPTAIN HEATH ABOUT IT RIGHT NOW!

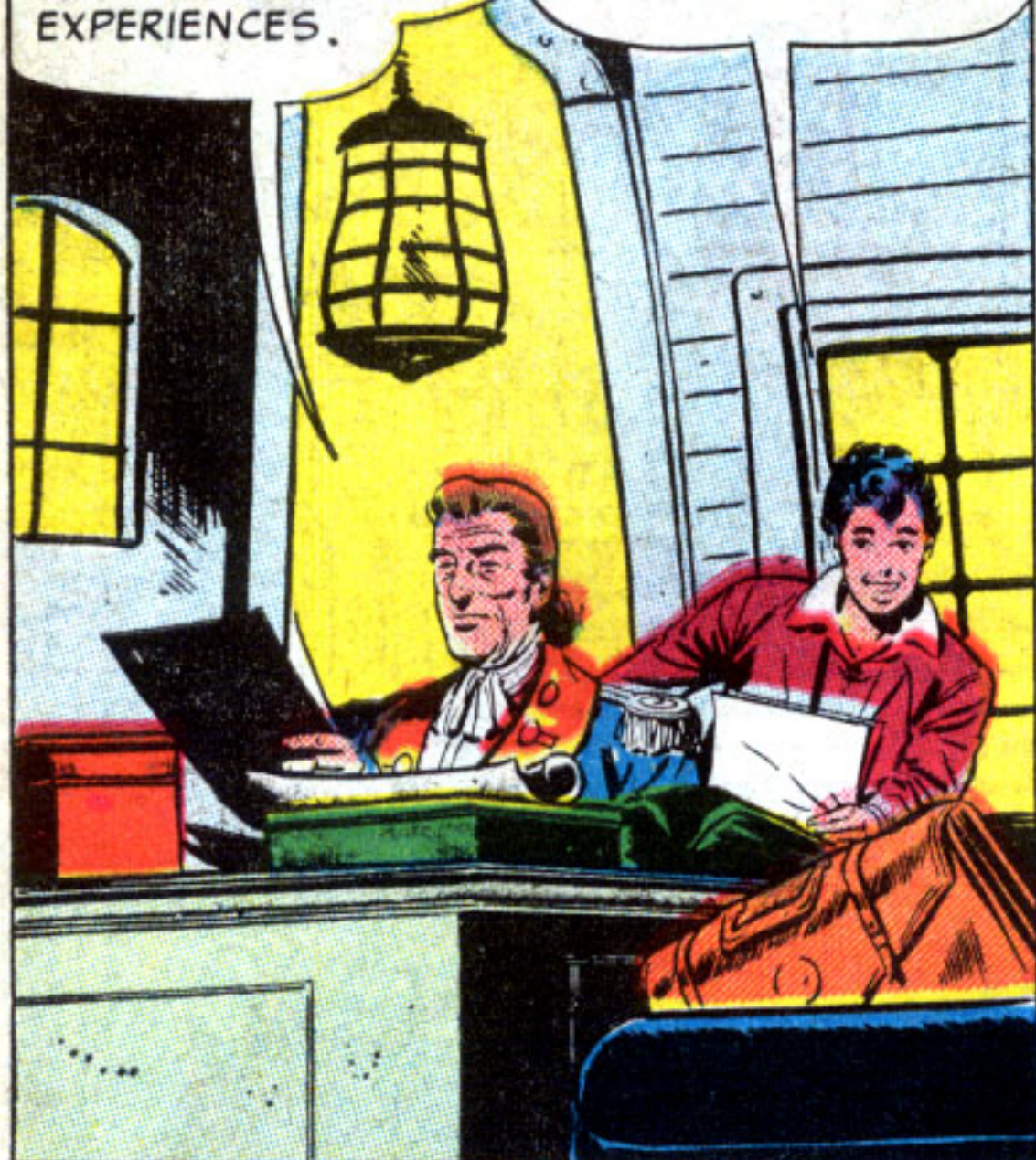
I'M AFRAID THERE'S NOTHIN' HE CAN DO ABOUT IT. HE'S GOT HIS SAILIN' ORDERS, AN' IT'S LIKE AS THOUGH HIS MAJESTY HIMSELF GAVE THE ORDER!



AND IN HIS CABIN, CAPTAIN HEATH GOES OVER HIS SAILING ORDERS. HE IS ASSISTED BY HIS YOUNG NEPHEW, RICHARD HEATH.

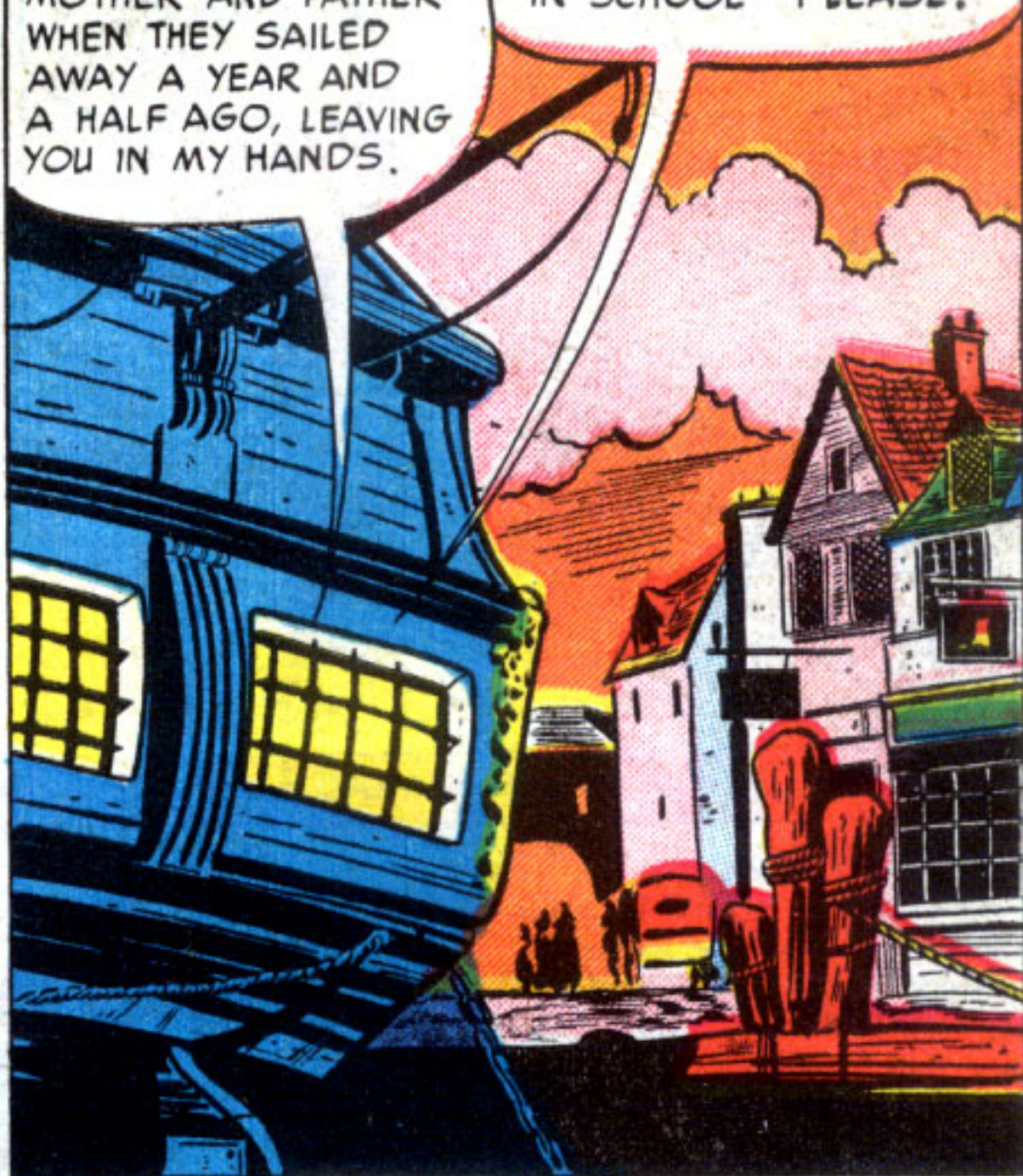
WELL, LAD, WE'RE ABOUT READY TO SAIL, FOR THE TIDE'S RIGHT. AND IF I KNOW ANYTHING, THIS VOYAGE MAY BE ONE OF MY GREATEST EXPERIENCES.

I FEEL THE SAME WAY ABOUT IT, SIR — I CAN'T WAIT TILL WE WEIGH ANCHOR AND GET STARTED!



IT ISN'T **WE**, LAD... I'M VERY SORRY BUT **YOU** CAN'T SAIL WITH ME... YOU MUST RETURN TO SCHOOL. THAT'S WHAT I PROMISED YOUR MOTHER AND FATHER WHEN THEY SAILED AWAY A YEAR AND A HALF AGO, LEAVING YOU IN MY HANDS.

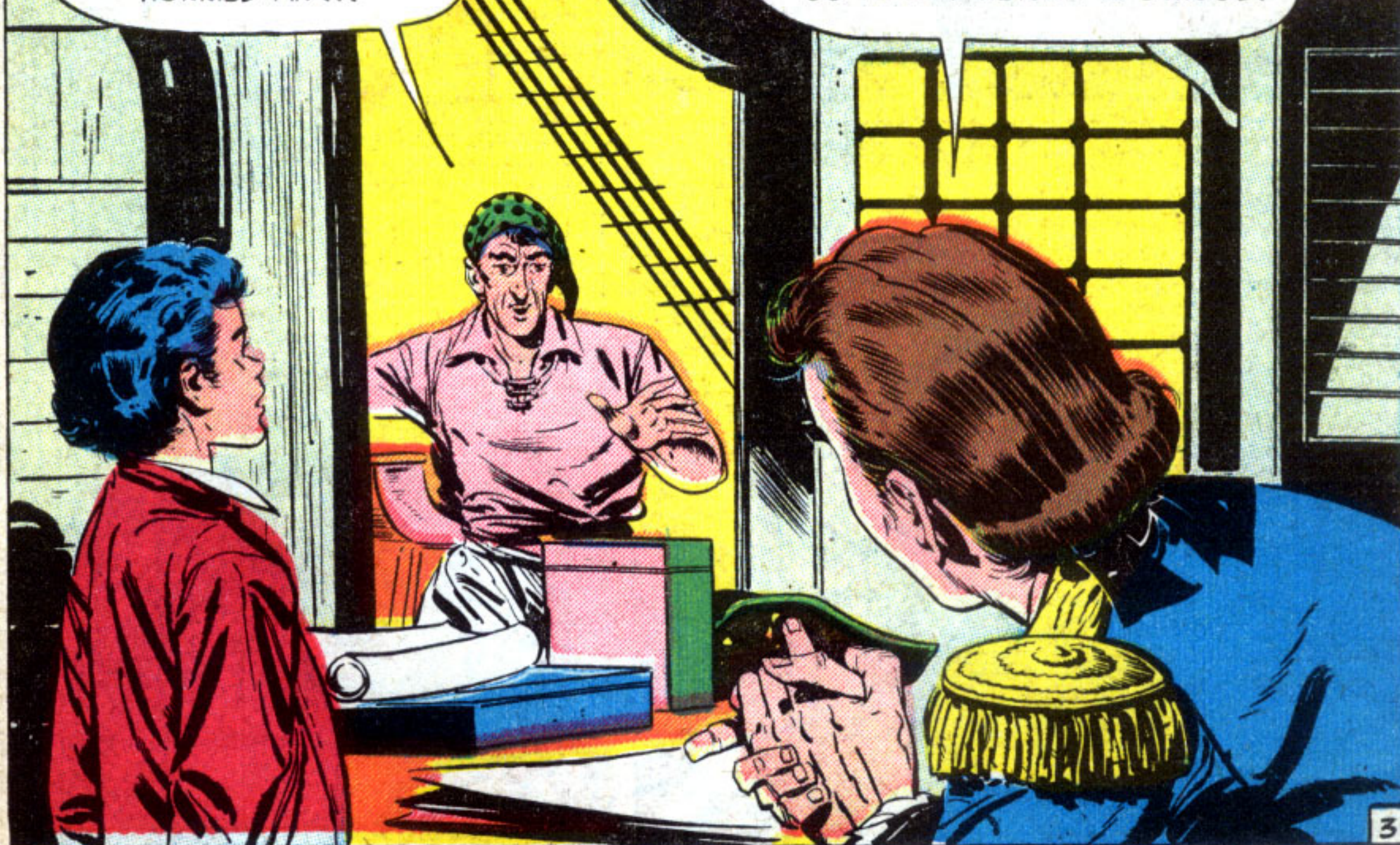
BUT, SIR — YOU HAVE NO CABIN BOY — PLEASE — PLEASE, SIR, CAN'T I GO ALONG? I'LL LEARN MUCH MORE ON YOUR SHIP THAN I EVER WOULD IN SCHOOL — PLEASE!



WILLITS, THE FIRST MATE, ENTERS THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN.

I HATE T'SAY SO, CAPTAIN HEATH, BUT THERE'S BEEN SOME BAD SIGNS WHICH POINT TO AN UNLUCKY SAILIN', SIR... WE'RE ALL WORRIED AN'...

COME, COME, MR. WILLITS! ARE YOU GIVING ME MORE OF YOUR SILLY SUPERSTITIONS? YOU **KNOW** HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP MUST SAIL, EVEN THOUGH EVERY BAD SIGN IN THE WORLD SAYS OTHERWISE! HERE... PLEASE TAKE MY NEPHEW AND PUT HIM IN A HANSON CAB, SO HE CAN RETURN TO SCHOOL.



SEVERAL DAYS LATER WHEN THE SHIP IS AT SEA, FIRST MATE WILLITS COMES TO CAPTAIN HEATH.

SIR, I HATE TO COMPLAIN, BUT THE SIGNS GET WORSE AND WORSE! SHARKS 'AVE BEEN FOLLOWIN' US FER SOME TIME. THEY KNOW WE'RE HEADIN' FER TROUBLE!

NONSENSE, MR. WILLITS! SHARKS FOLLOW THE SHIP TO FEED ON THE SCRAPS THROWN OVERBOARD FROM THE GALLEY!



AN' SOMETHIN' ELSE, SIR... IT'S ABOUT THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN BEARD. WE KNOW IT WAS THIS SHIP THAT CAUGHT 'IM, BURNED 'IS VESSEL, AN' IT WAS FROM ONE OF THESE YARDARMS THAT HE WAS HUNG!

VERY WELL, MR. WILLITS. BUT CAPTAIN BEARD IS A DEAD MAN I TELL YOU! AND THE CREW IS VERY FOOLISH TO HAVE ANY IDEAS ABOUT HIS GHOST BEING ON THIS SHIP!



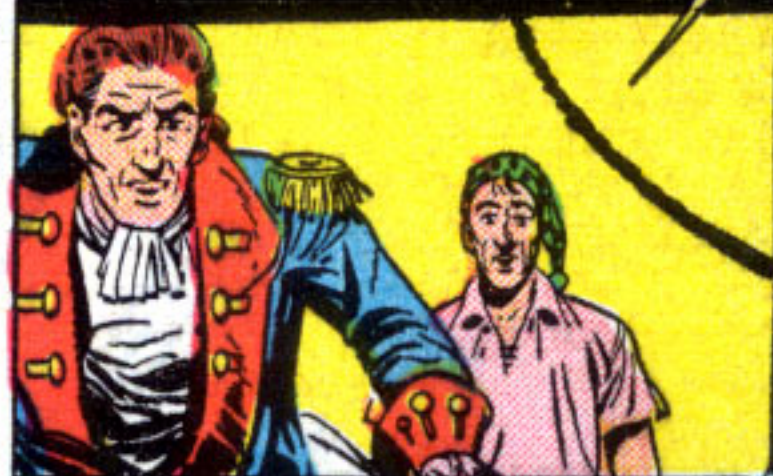
JUST THEN, SECOND MATE BASCOM APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY.

CAPTAIN HEATH!.. MR. WILLITS!.. COME QUICK! IT'S THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN BEARD AGAIN! 'E'S PLAYIN' HIS HARMONICA UP FORWARD! I HEARD IT MESELF! I SWEAR TO IT!



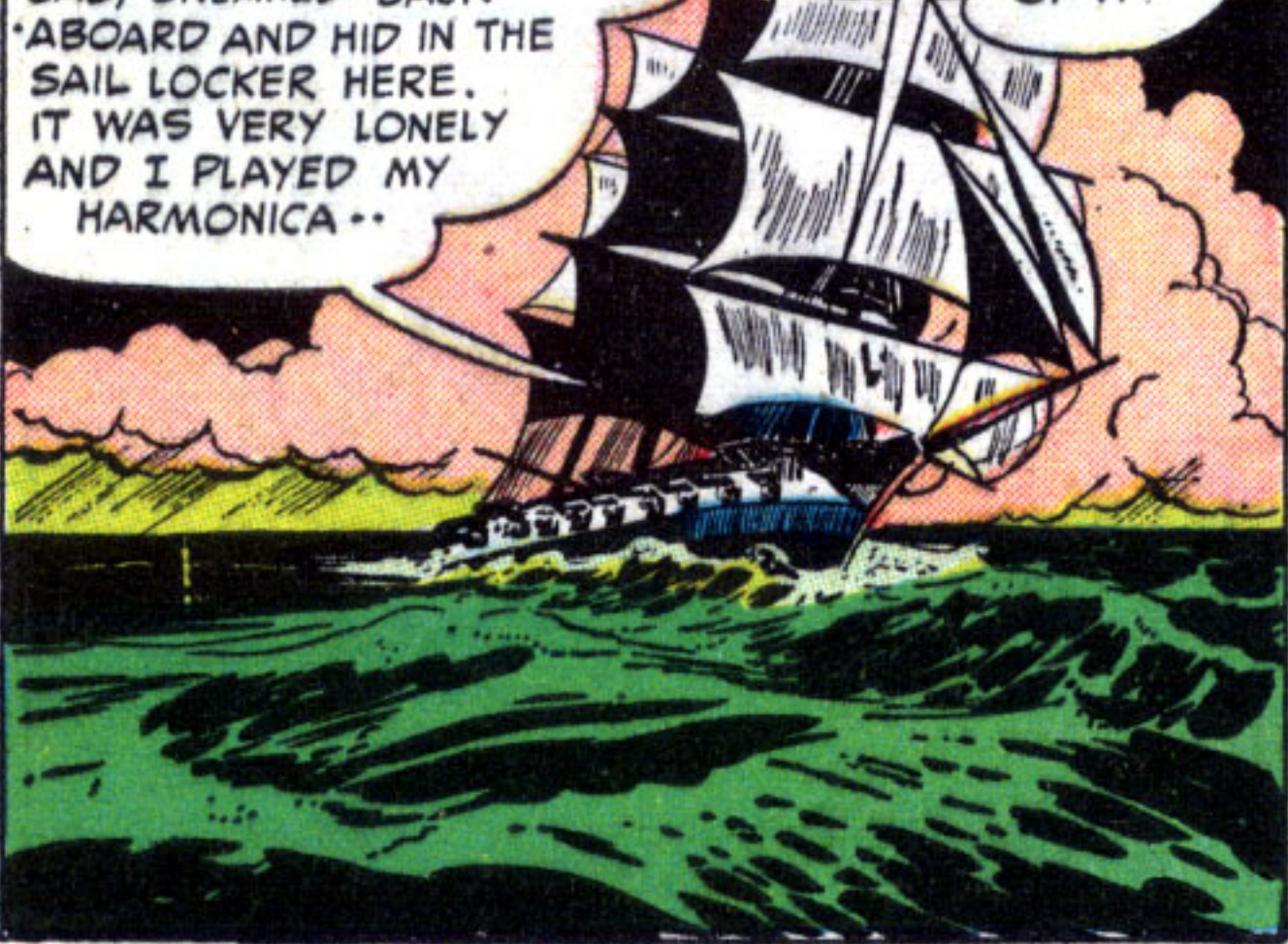
'E'S RIGHT IN THERE, SIR! THAT'S WHERE 'E IS! I HEARD IT PLAIN AS DAY!

RICHARD! WHAT ON EARTH--- YOU! YOU'VE STOWED AWAY WITH US AFTER ALL--AND IT WAS YOU PLAYING THE HARMONICA! BY THE GREAT HORN SPOON, LAD, THIS IS A BAD BUSINESS!



I'M SORRY, SIR. I JUST HAD TO SAIL WITH YOU... I HOPE YOU'LL FORGIVE ME. I JUMPED OUT OF THE HANSON CAB, SNEAKED BACK ABOARD AND HID IN THE SAIL LOCKER HERE. IT WAS VERY LONELY AND I PLAYED MY HARMONICA--

I SHOULD BE VERY VEXED AT YOU, RICHARD, BUT WE'LL MAKE THE BEST OF IT!



I MAY BE YOUR UNCLE, LAD, BUT I AM ALSO THE MASTER OF THIS SHIP. AND RIGHT NOW YOU MUST BEGIN TO EARN YOUR PASSAGE AS ANYONE ELSE WOULD.

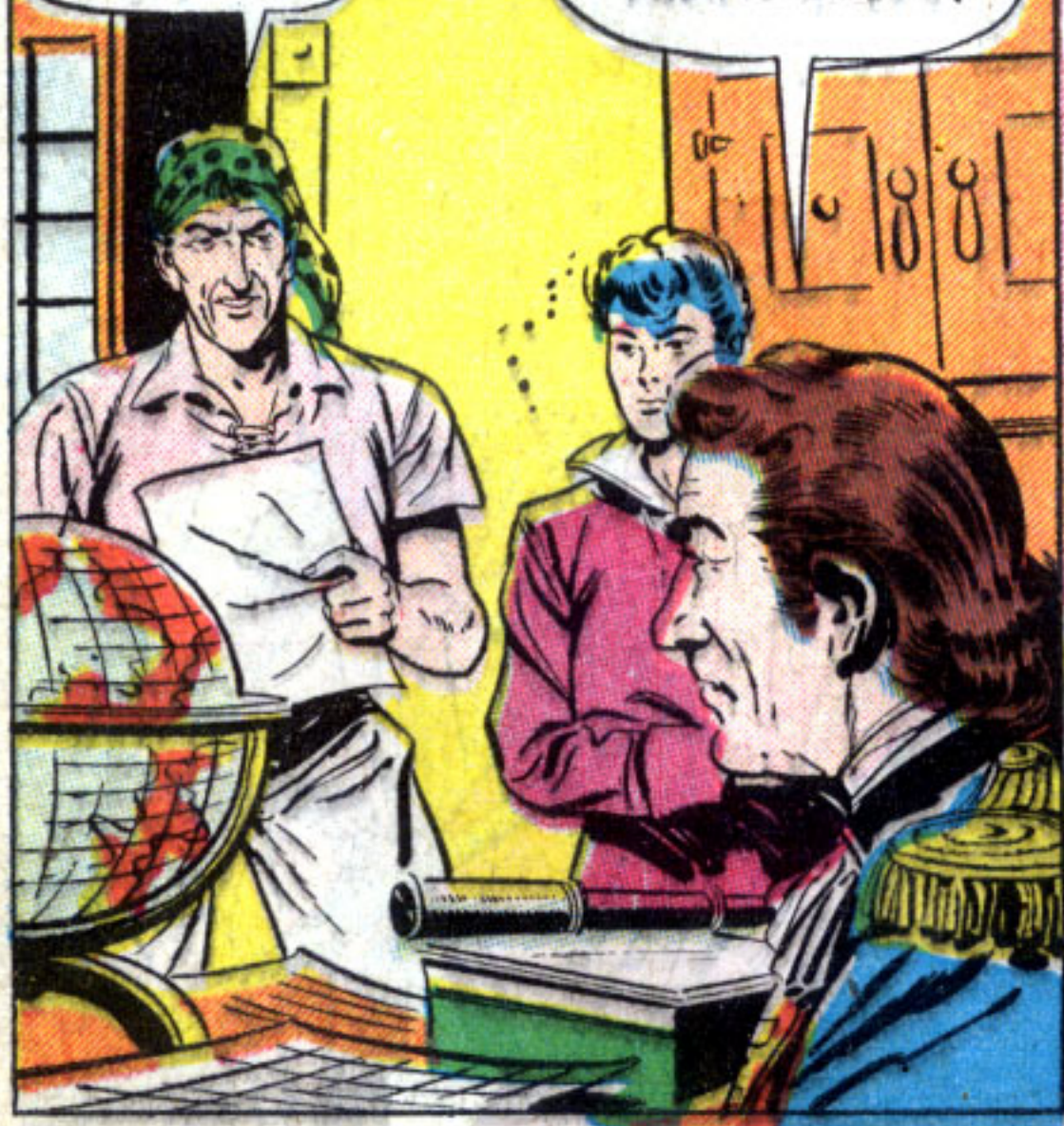
I AM WILLING, SIR, AND GLAD TO WORK AS HARD AS ANY OTHER MEMBER OF THE CREW.



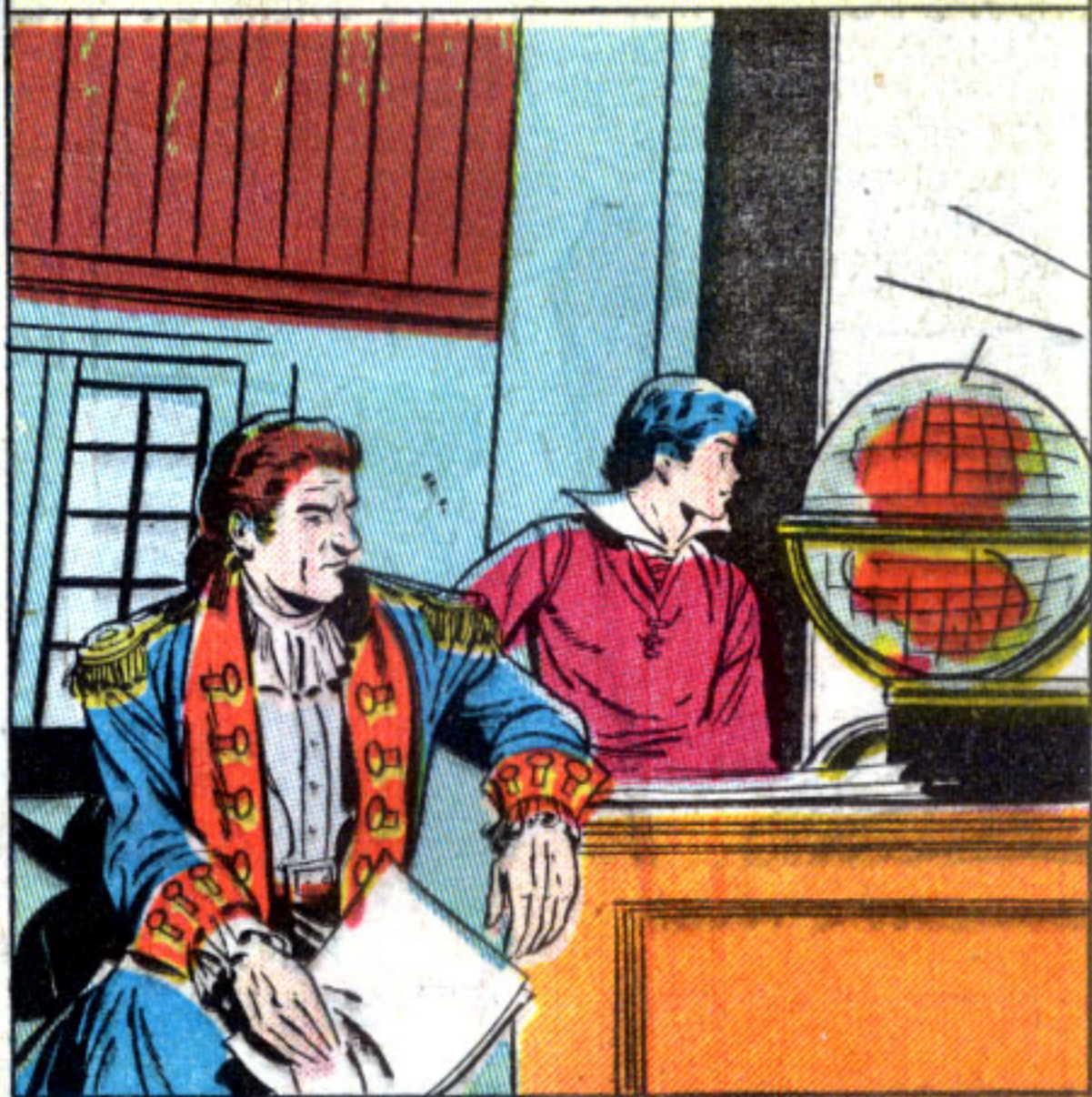
FIRST MATE WILLITS ENTERS CAPTAIN HEATH'S CABIN, AND HIS EXPRESSION IS THAT OF A WORRIED MAN...

SIR, WE'VE SAILED THE COURSE YOU LAID OUT - WE'VE COVERED THE ENTIRE PATTERN-AND STILL WE HAVEN'T FOUND A PASSAGE TO THE PACIFIC. I HATE T'SAY IT, SIR, BUT AS FOR ME, I DON'T THINK THERE IS ANY NORTHWEST PASSAGE!

I THINK YOU'RE WRONG, MR. WILLITS. I'LL PLOT A NEW COURSE AND WE'LL SAIL ON - WE'LL SAIL UNTIL WE FIND THE ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

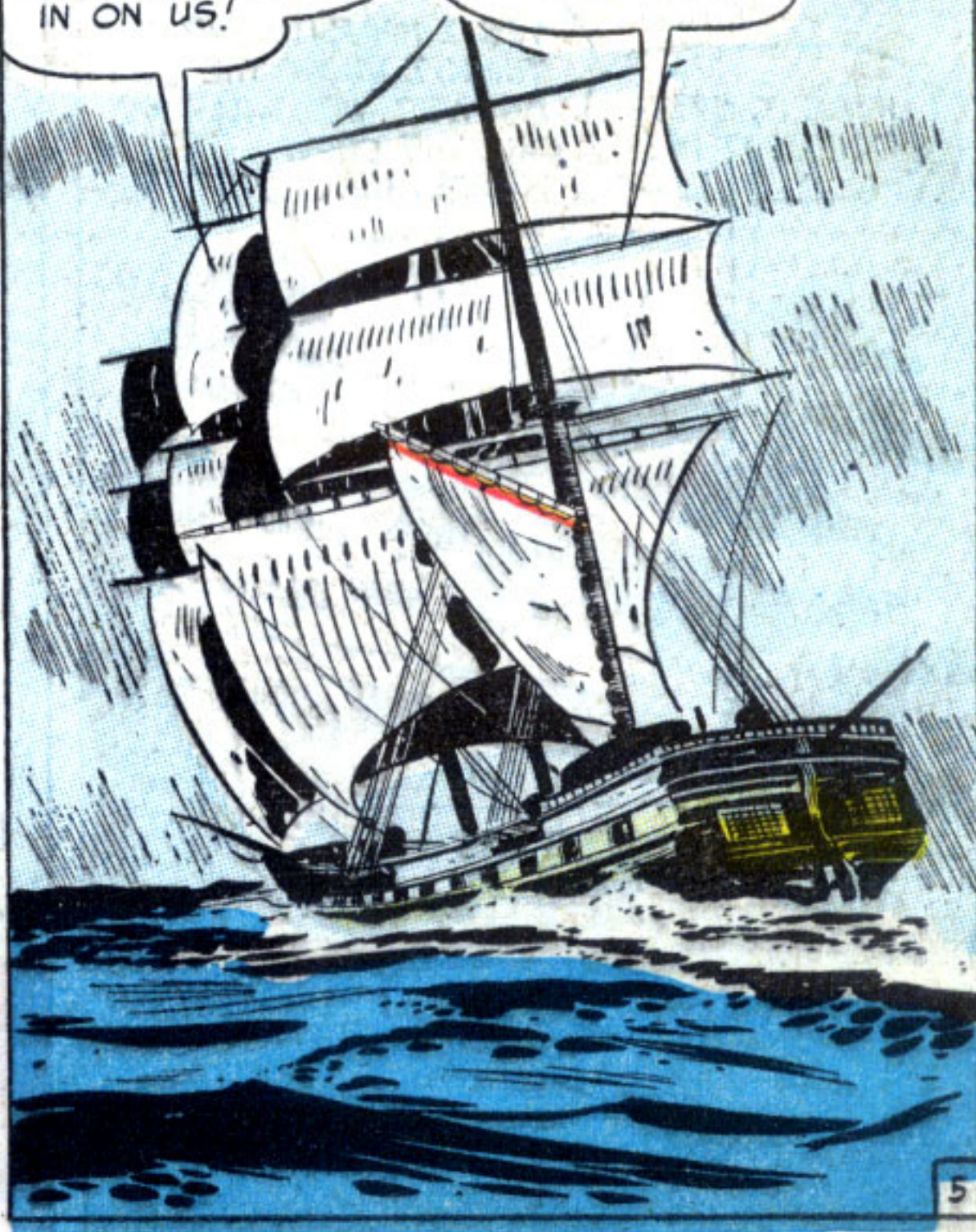


AND AS THE WEEKS WENT BY YOUNG RICHARD PROVED HIMSELF TO BE AN ABLE CABIN BOY, AND IN BETWEEN TIMES HIS UNCLE TAUGHT HIM SOMETHING OF NAVIGATION. AND NOW H.M.S. ADRIANNE HAD REACHED THE ARCTIC REGIONS, WHERE THE MEN HAD TO WEAR THEIR WARMEST CLOTHING AND THE WATERS WERE MADE DANGEROUS BY ICEBERGS. CAPTAIN HEATH BEGAN HIS LONELY SEARCH FOR THE FABLED NORTHWEST PASSAGE THAT WOULD LINK THE ATLANTIC WITH THE PACIFIC OCEAN, AND CREATE FOR BRITAIN A SHORT ROUTE TO THE RICH MARKETS OF THE INDIES.



BUT, SIR, THE WIND HAS DIED DOWN TILL IT BARELY FILLS OUR SAILS, AND A HEAVY FOG IS CLOSIN' IN ON US!

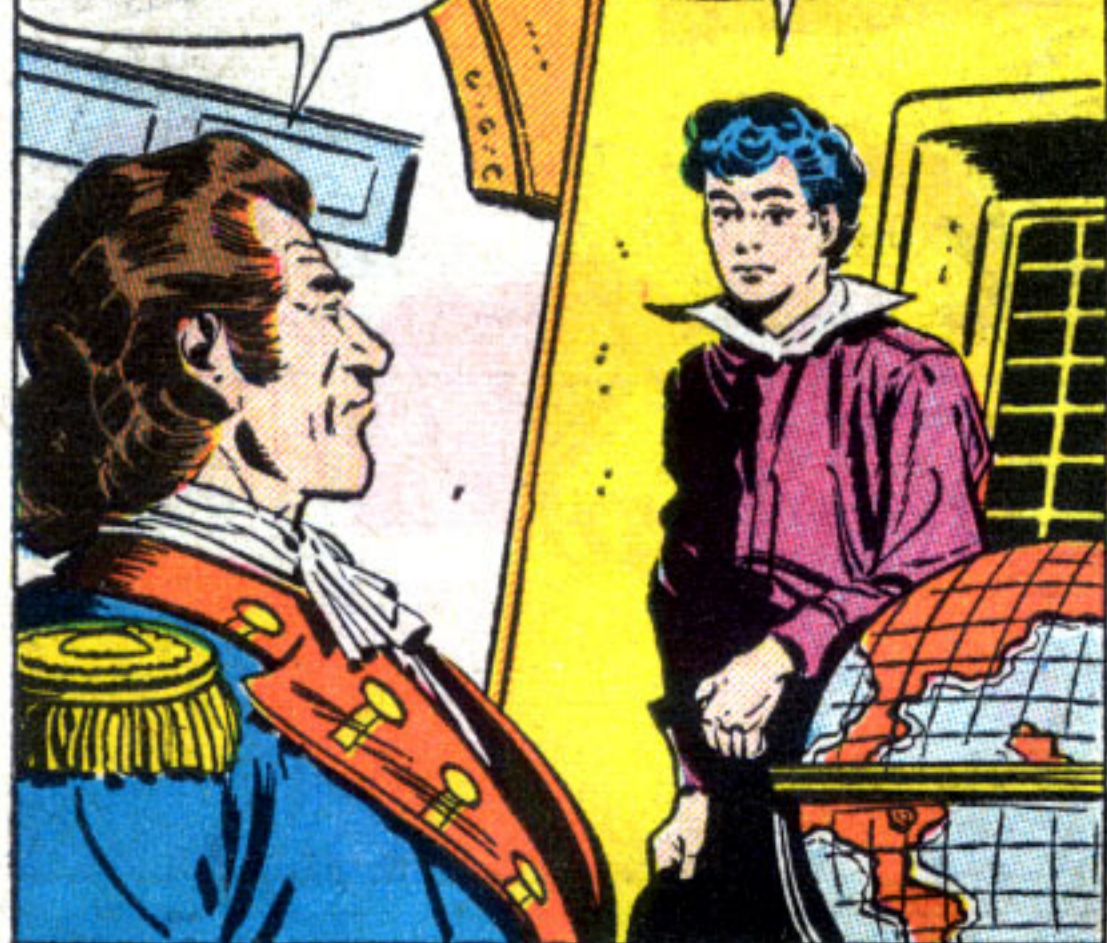
IN THAT CASE WE'LL HEAVE TO. GET OUT THE SEA ANCHOR AT ONCE! WE'LL SAIL ON WHEN THE FOG LIFTS.



BUT THE FOG DID NOT LIFT, AND H. M. S. ADRIANNE LAY MOTIONLESS IN THE ARCTIC WATERS. THREE DAYS PASS--AND AGAIN AND AGAIN ENORMOUS ICEBERGS DRIFT SO CLOSE TO THE SHIP THAT IT SEEMS THEY CAN BE TOUCHED. THE CREW GROWS VERY UNEASY, AND NOW CAPTAIN HEATH CALLS RICHARD, HIS NEPHEW, INTO HIS CABIN.

RICHARD, YOU SPEND MORE TIME AMONG THE MEN THAN I DO, AND THEY TALK TO YOU. IS THERE SOMETHING OTHER THAN OUR SHIP'S POSITION HERE IN THE LONELY ARCTIC THAT WORRIES THEM?

YES, UNCLE ROGER, IT'S THE GHOST SHIP! WHENEVER WE RING OUR SHIP'S BELL, ANOTHER BELL ANSWERS FROM THE FOG.



SO, CAPTAIN HEATH ACCOMPANIES RICHARD TO THE BELL ROPE ON DECK.

NOW, LAD, RING THE BELL! LET ME HEAR THIS.

VERY WELL, SIR.



THE BELL CLANGS AND SENDS ITS EERIE PEAL OUT INTO THE THICK NORTHERN FOG--AND SURE ENOUGH, THERE IS A PROMPT, RINGING REPLY!!

HEAR IT, SIR?-- THERE IT IS!

YES, I HEAR IT--AND I THINK I KNOW THE ANSWER. MR. WILLITS, CALL THE CREW TOGETHER.



MEN, THE RINGING OF THE OTHER BELL IS NO MYSTERY TO ME. WE ARE SURROUNDED BY ICEBERGS AND THE WORST KIND OF FOG. THE OTHER BELL IS REALLY THE SOUND OF OUR OWN BELL AS IT ECHOES BACK FROM THE WALLS OF ICE.

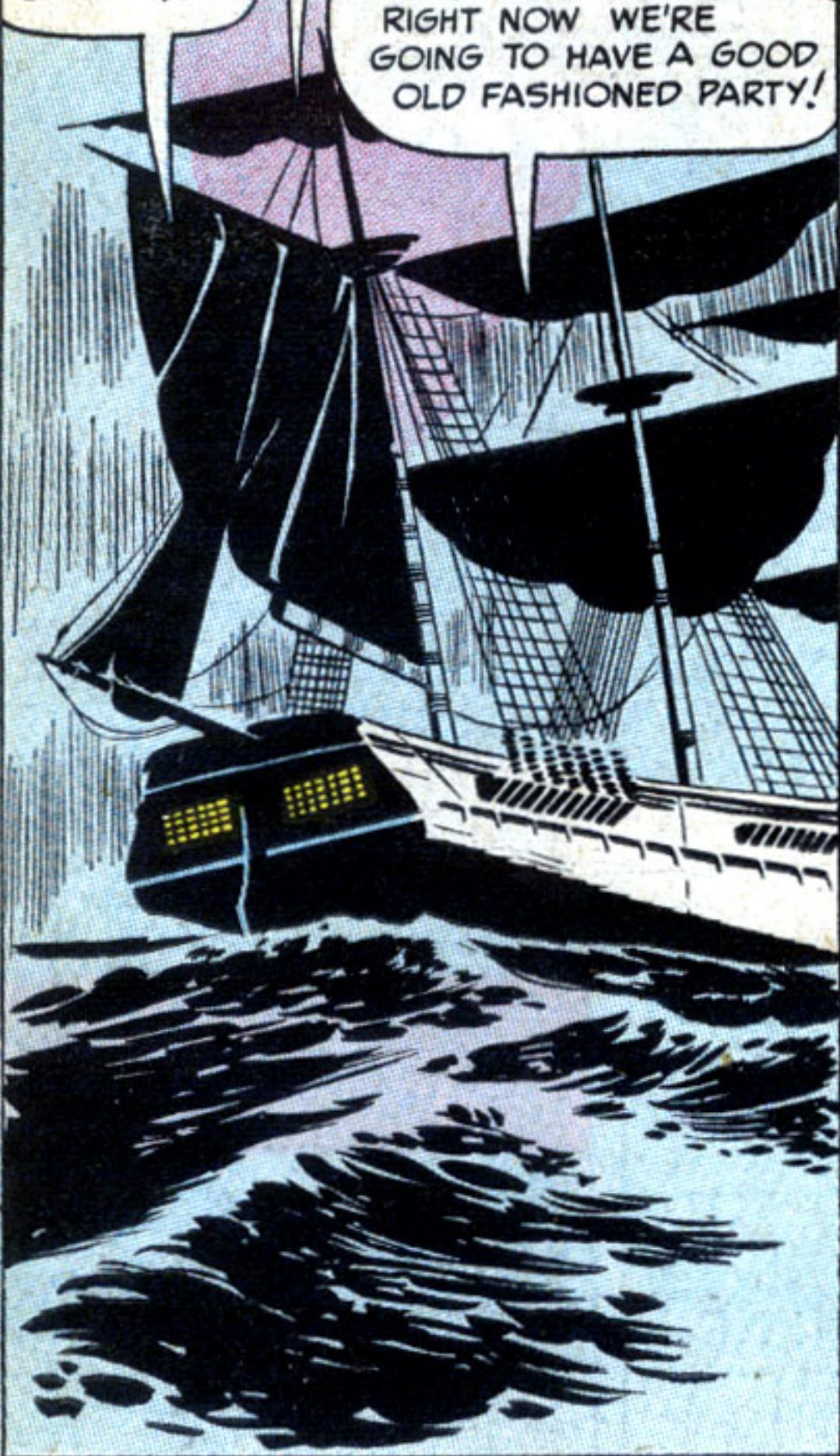


AND WITH CAPTAIN HEATH'S EXPLANATION, A GREAT WORRY IS LIFTED FROM THE SUPERSTITIOUS SEAMEN.

WE SHOULD'VE KNOWN THAT WAS THE STORY ALL ALONG, CAPTAIN, SIR.

IT'S BEIN' HELPLESS IN THIS BLOOMIN' FOG THAT MAKES A MAN UNEASY!

WELL, I'M A MASTER WHO DOESN'T LIKE A GLOOMY CREW! AND RIGHT NOW WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A GOOD OLD FASHIONED PARTY!



SOON THE FESTIVITIES WERE IN FULL SWING. THERE WAS PLENTY TO EAT, THE MEN SAT AROUND TELLING THEIR FAVORITE STORIES OF THE SEA, AND THEIR GHOST SHIP TROUBLES WERE SOON FORGOTTEN...

AYE, THERE! MAKE ROOM FOR HAWKINS, MEN — HE'S GOIN' T'DANCE THE HORNPIPE! AN' THE LAD RICHARD WILL PLAY FOR HIM ON HIS HARMONICA!

HEAR! HEAR!



HERE WE GO... I'LL PLAY "BLOW THE MAN DOWN!"

LET 'ER GO, LAD!



I NEVER THOUGHT THAT MY HARMONICA WOULD COME IN SO HANDY — AND I HOPE I PLAY IN PROPER TIME!

FEAR NOT, LAD! I'M SURE YOU PLAY BETTER'N MANY TOOTERS I'VE DANCED TO!



BUT JUST AS YOUNG RICHARD IS ABOUT TO PLAY, STRANGE THIN NOTES OF A HARMONICA DRIFT IN THROUGH AN OPEN PORTHOLE...

WHAT'S THAT?... IT'S ANOTHER HARMONICA!

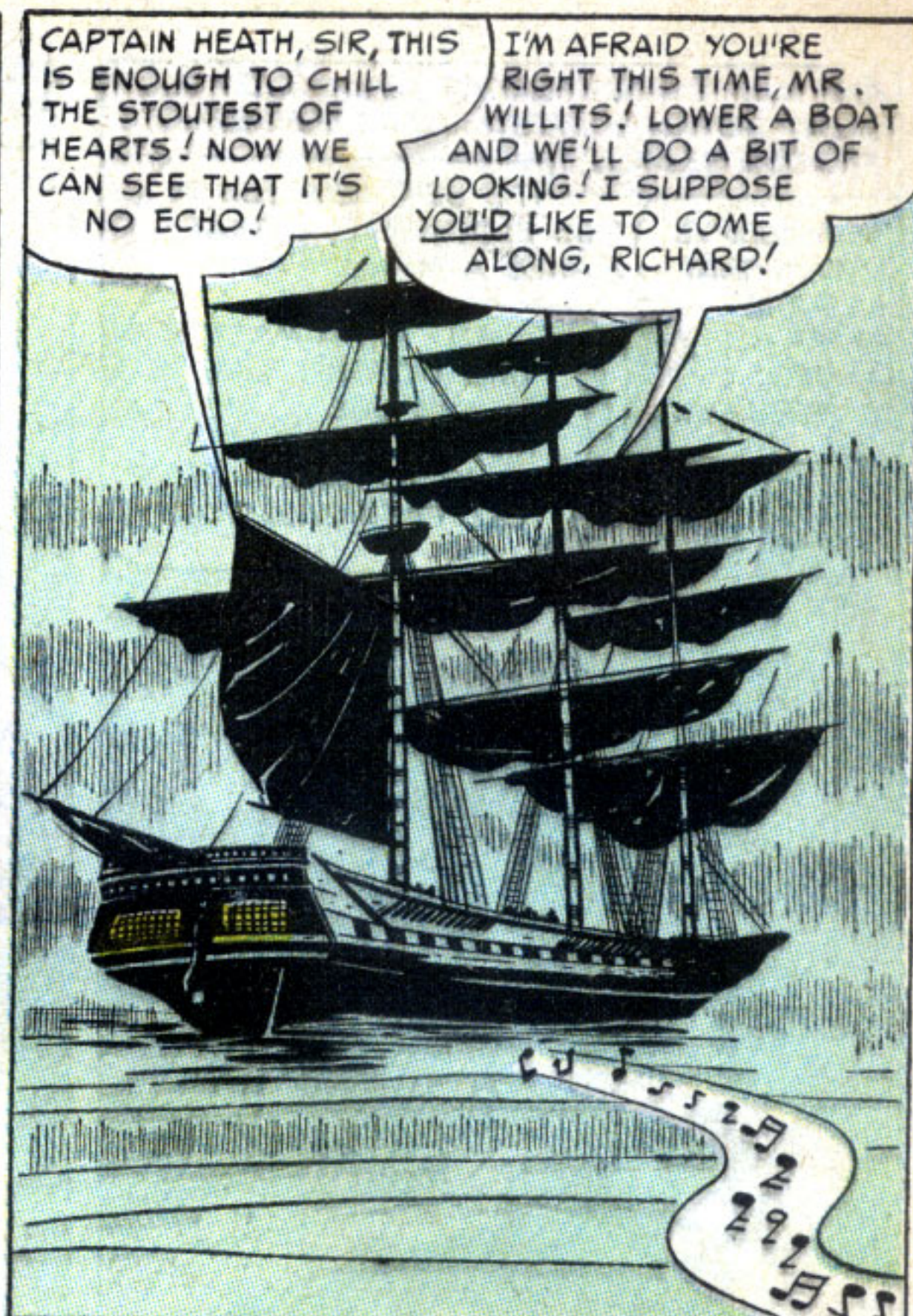
WHERE'S IT COMING FROM?





I TELL YE -- IT'S SOME KIND OF SONG FORETELLIN' OUR DOOM!

WE'RE IN A PART OF THE WORLD WHERE WE HAVE NO RIGHT TO BE!



CAPTAIN HEATH, SIR, THIS IS ENOUGH TO CHILL THE STOUTEST OF HEARTS! NOW WE CAN SEE THAT IT'S NO ECHO!

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT THIS TIME, MR. WILLITS! LOWER A BOAT AND WE'LL DO A BIT OF LOOKING! I SUPPOSE YOU'D LIKE TO COME ALONG, RICHARD!

AS THE LITTLE GROUP PULLS AWAY FROM THE SHIP, CAPTAIN HEATH SHOUTS HIS INSTRUCTIONS TO THOSE STILL ON BOARD --

KEEP OUR SHIP'S BELL RINGING, MEY, SO THAT WE'LL BE ABLE TO FIND OUR WAY BACK TO HER IN THE FOG!

I THINK WE'RE HEADED TO WHERE THE MUSIC CAME FROM!

THE MUSIC HAS STOPPED!



AND WITH BEATING HEARTS THEY PULL ALONGSIDE A STRANGE VESSEL. YOUNG RICHARD IS FIRST TO FEEL ITS COLD HULL.

A JACOB'S LADDER HANGS OVER HER SIDE, SIR!

I SEE NOR HEAR ANY SIGN OF LIFE!



AND AS THE LITTLE PARTY CAUTIOUSLY BOARDS THE MYSTERY SHIP, THEY ARE CONFRONTED BY A GRIM SIGHT...

LOOK OVER THERE -- A MAN'S BODY!

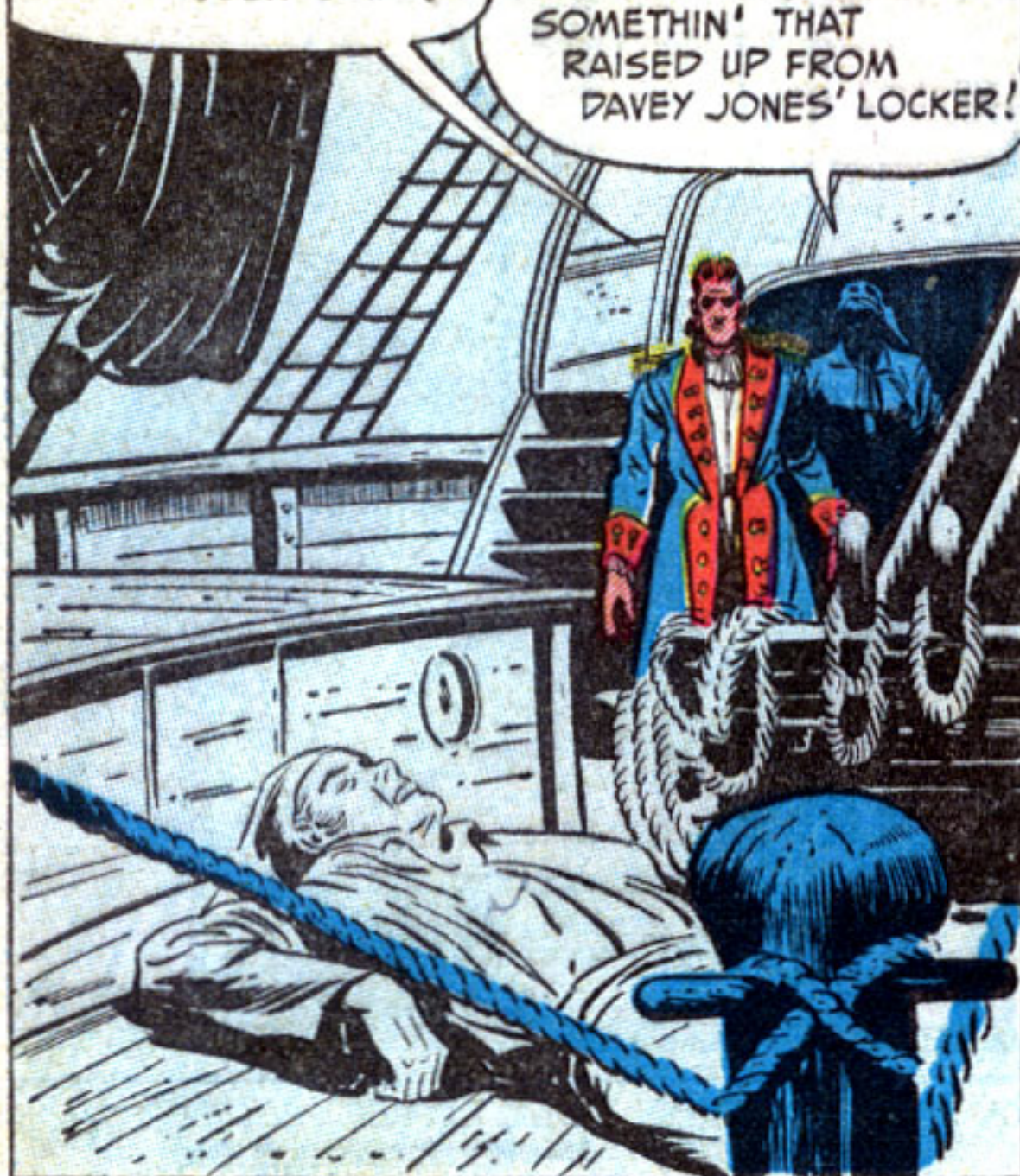
BLIMEY -- AND THERE'S ANOTHER ONE!



AND CAPTAIN HEATH IS FIRST TO APPROACH THE STILL, ICE-COVERED FIGURES...

WHAT A GRISLY SIGHT WE'VE STUMBLERD ON, MR. WILLITS!.. THEY'RE COATED WITH ICE AND FROZEN STIFF!

IT'S A BLINKIN' GHOST SHIP RIGHT ENOUGH, SIR! WHAT WITH STRANGE MUSIC AN' NOTHIN' BUT DEAD MEN ABOARD-- IT'S LIKE SOMETHIN' THAT RAISED UP FROM DAVEY JONES' LOCKER!



LOOK, MR. WILLITS--THAT GLOW IN THE FOG THERE! IT CAN ONLY BE COMING FROM A LIGHTED CABIN AFT!

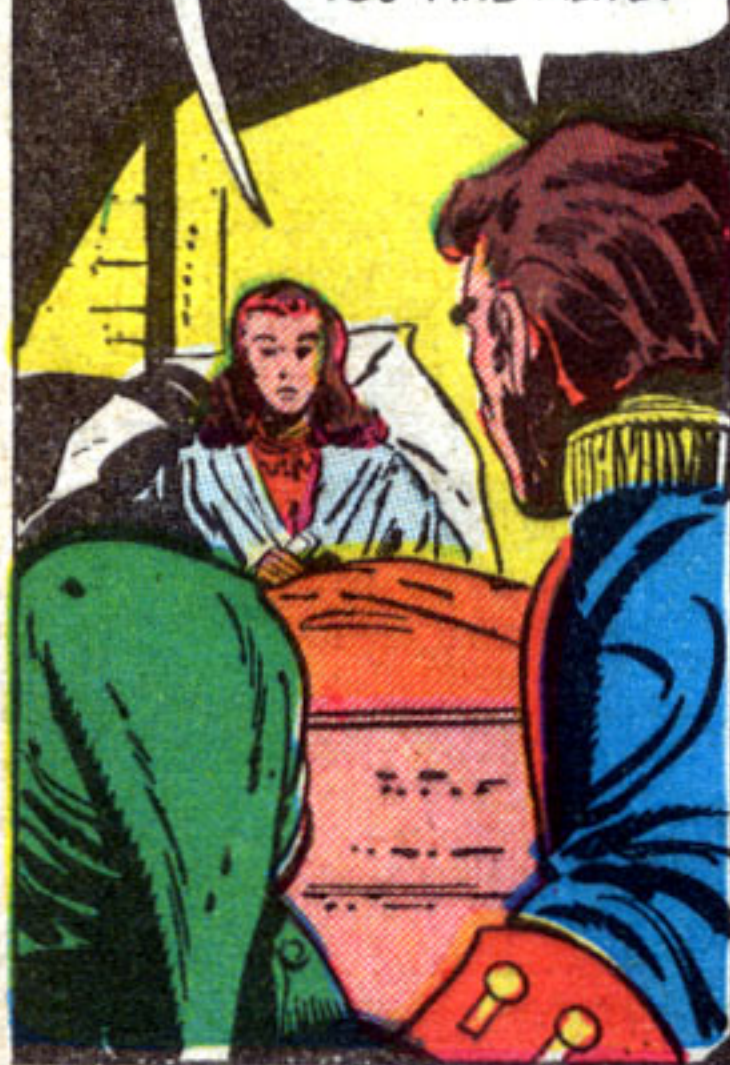
FIRST IT WAS GHOST MUSIC--AN' NOW IT'S GHOST LIGHTS, SIR! I'VE GOT THE SHIVERS PROPER!



CAPTAIN HEATH AND MR. WILLITS VENTURE BELOW DECK... AND OPENING A CABIN DOOR THEY DRAW BACK IN DISMAY WHEN THEY COME UPON A THIN, SICKLY WOMAN SITTING UPRIGHT IN A BUNK... IN FEEBLE TONES SHE SPEAKS...

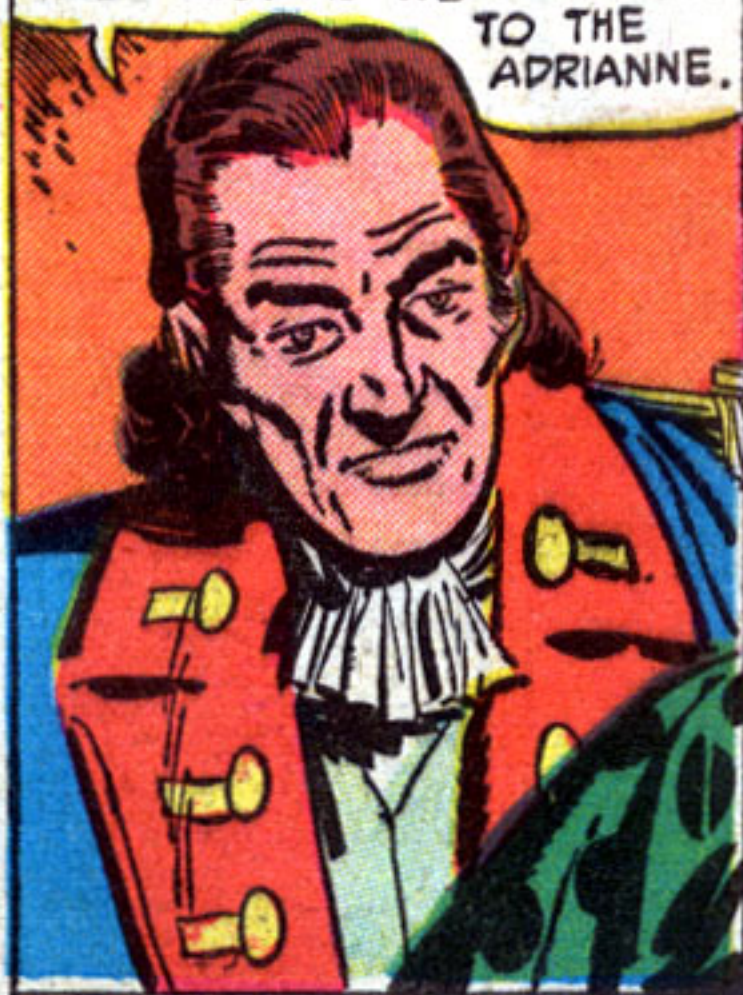
OH-H-HH-- YOU'VE COME-- YOU'VE COME AT LAST!

M-MARTHA! GREAT SCOTT! -- IT'S YOU, MARTHA! THANK GOODNESS YOU ARE ALIVE!



MARTHA! DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME?-- IT'S ROGER-- ROGER HEATH-- WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU, MARTHA... SPEAK TO ME, MARTHA... SPEAK!

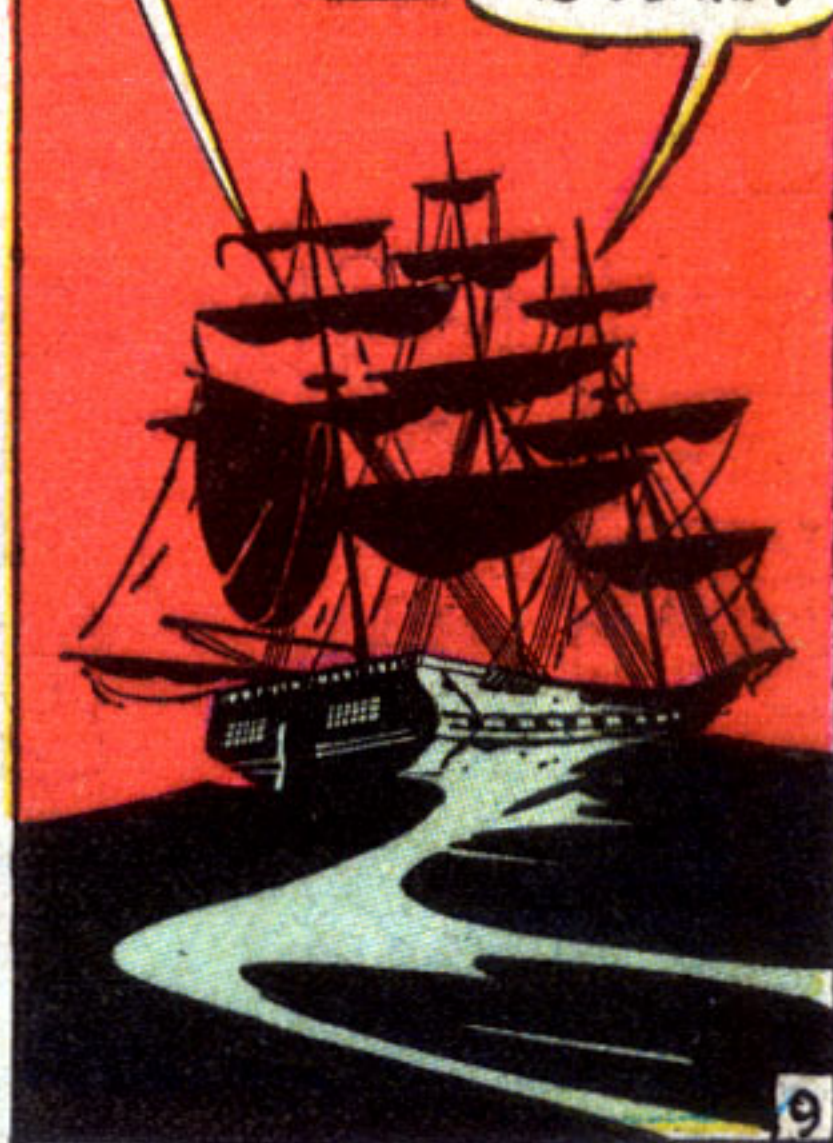
THE SHOCK OF SEEING US WAS TOO MUCH FOR THE POOR THING, MR. WILLITS-- SHE'S FAINTED. NOW, THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT--WE MUST BE SURE THAT YOUNG RICHARD DOES NOT SEE HER. WE MUST COVER HER FACE WITH THIS SHEET AS WE TAKE HER TO THE ADRIANNE.



AND SOON GENTLE HANDS LIFT THE LIMP FIGURE ABOARD CAPTAIN HEATH'S VESSEL--AND YOUNG RICHARD SUSPECTS NOTHING OF THE SILENT, SHEET-COVERED FORM...

EASY, MEN,-- HANDLE HER EASY.

THE POOR THING! WHOEVER IS SHE, AN' WHATEVER WAS SHE DOIN' ON A GHOST SHIP WITH EVERYBODY ELSE ABOARD FROZEN TO DEATH?



THE WOMAN IS MADE COMFORTABLE IN CAPTAIN HEATH'S CABIN, AND SOMETIME LATER SHE REVIVES. NOW APPEARING AT THE DOORWAY AND LOOKING IN ARE THE MASTER OF THE SHIP AND YOUNG RICHARD.

NOW THEN, LAD-- BEFORE WE GET ANY CLOSER, I WANT YOU TO BE PREPARED FOR A SHOCK. BE A STRONG LAD, AND THE FINE LITTLE MAN I KNOW YOU ARE. PROMISE, RICHARD?

I PROMISE, UNCLE-- BUT THIS SOUNDS VERY MYSTERIOUS TO ME!



AND AS RICHARD JOYFULLY EMBRACES HIS MOTHER, SHE TELLS THE SAD STORY OF THE TRIP THAT BROUGHT HER HERE TO THE ARCTIC CIRCLE... AND SHE EXPLAINS THE WEIRD MUSIC OF THE HARMONICA.

YES, RICHARD-- REMEMBER WHEN WE PLAYED OUR HARMONICAS TOGETHER? WELL, I BROUGHT MINE ALONG WITH ME ON THE TRIP. WHEN I WAS ALONE AND HELPLESS HERE, I HEARD **YOUR** HARMONICA... SOMEHOW I KNEW IT WAS YOU... AND THAT YOU WOULD COME TO SAVE ME-- I WAS WEAK, BUT I PLAYED MINE TO SIGNAL YOU, JUST AS LONG AS I COULD--

MOTHER... YOU HAVEN'T MENTIONED FATHER...



RICHARD! MY RICHARD! MY SON! GOME... COME TO ME!

MOTHER!



NO, SON-- BECAUSE YOUR FATHER IS DEAD. BE A STOUT HEART, LAD-- YOUR FATHER DIED SACRIFICING HIMSELF FOR OTHERS--IT WAS AWFUL... SMALLPOX BROKE OUT ON OUR SHIP--IT TOOK EVERY MAN... HOW LONG WE DRIFTED I DO NOT KNOW... BUT **ONE** THING I **DO** KNOW, SON!.. THAT THERE IS NO NORTHWEST PASSAGE!.. THAT WAS OUR MISSION COMING UP HERE--AND AT THE TIME IT WAS SECRET. EVEN UNCLE ROGER DIDN'T KNOW WHERE WE WERE GOING!

WELL, THE ONLY PLACE I WANT TO GO NOW IS **HOME** WITH **YOU**, MOTHER!



Buddies! Sweethearts!

SHOW YOUR MOM WHY THIS IS TRUE!



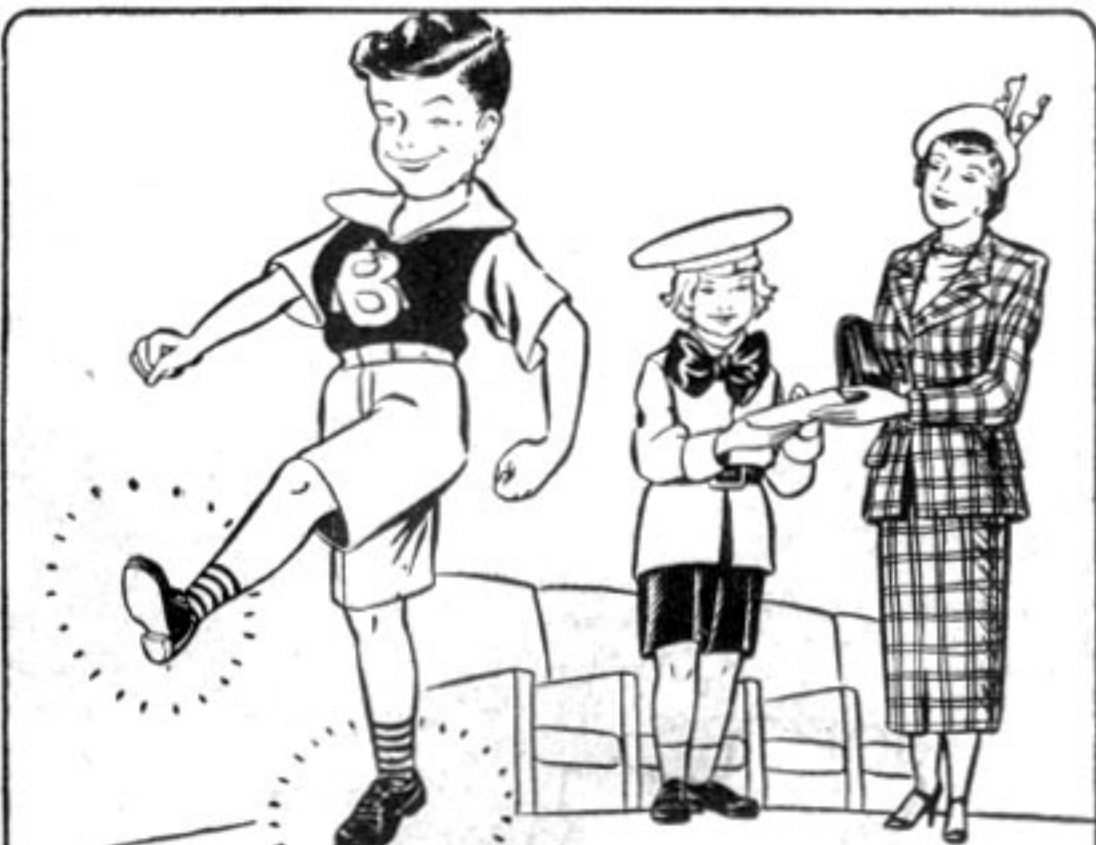
"FIRST OF ALL, BUSTER BROWN SHOES ARE SHAPED TO FIT! THEY'RE MADE ON 'LIVE FOOT' LASTS, JUST THE SHAPE OF YOUR OWN FEET, SO YOUR SHOES ALWAYS GIVE SNUG SUPPORT WHERE YOU NEED IT!"



"THEN THE BUSTER BROWN SHOEMAN CAREFULLY MEASURES THE LENGTH AND WIDTH OF BOTH YOUR FEET. HE GIVES YOU THE RIGHT SIZE, LEAVING THE CORRECT AMOUNT OF 'WIGGLE-ROOM' AT THE TOES."



"HEEL FIT IS CHECKED, TOO, TO MAKE SURE IT'S WIDE ENOUGH AT THE BOTTOM AND SNUG ENOUGH AT THE TOP. YOUR BUSTER BROWN SALESMAN WOULD RATHER MISS A SALE THAN SEND YOU OUT IN A SHOE THAT'S NOT RIGHT FOR YOUR FOOT."



"THAT'S WHY YOU GET A SHOE THAT FEELS AS GOOD AS IT IS GOOD FOR YOU. AND YOUR BUSTER BROWN SHOEMAN ALSO CAN TELL MOTHER WHEN YOUR SHOE SIZE WILL NEED RE-CHECKING."



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